

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 776

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## STEREOSCOPES FOR C.N. READERS

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Twelve

### THE WOODPECKER OF BARCOMBE STEEPLE RECTOR'S PREDICAMENT

Much Ado About a Busy  
Little Bird

#### WHO WILL LAUGH LAST?

The Home Office, a Rector, and a woodpecker are involved in a very difficult situation in Sussex.

Probably the woodpecker does not consider the situation at all difficult. As far as he is concerned it is an excellent situation high up on the church steeple of Barcombe, which he has discovered has a veritable pantry of luscious insects in its thousands of oak shingles. He does not, however, know that the Rector has written to Whitehall about him.

#### Pecking at the Church Steeple

The Rector of Barcombe cannot bear to see his church steeple being pecked to pieces before his eyes. He could put up with the woodpecker tapping out of time to the hymns on Sunday, but he is not going to let him destroy the steeple without a struggle. He is very fond of woodpeckers in their proper place, but not at lunch on the steeple, riddling the already worm-eaten tiles with still more holes. He or somebody else could easily solve the problem with a gun, but the woodpecker is a protected bird and the Rector is a law-abiding citizen.

At last, thinking it was a matter for the Minister of Agriculture, the puzzled Rector sat down and wrote to him about it, asking for official permission to shoot just this one woodpecker.

The Minister of Agriculture is well experienced in all the ways they have at Whitehall, and he very neatly got out of the difficulty by replying that it was a matter for his friend the Home Secretary, to whom the letter had been passed on.

#### The Circumlocution Office

By the time this article appears in print the Home Secretary may have had a brain wave and passed the letter on to the Clerk of the Privy Council or the Archbishop of Canterbury or some other authority; but at the moment of writing he appeared to be sitting on it, perhaps in a sort of hope that as it is a bird affair it may hatch out in that way.

In the meantime (as we write) not only is Barcombe's woodpecker continuing to laugh heartily as he flies to and from his meal on the steeple, not only does each blow he strikes on the shingles pierce the heart of the Rector, but the rumour seems to be spreading in the woodpecker world that he is on to a Good Thing.

Already, it appears, news has come from Padworth, near Reading, that there, too, a woodpecker is busy from dawn to dusk pecking holes in the church steeple. We doubt not that, though the woodpecker may be laughing at the moment, he will not be laughing long, poor thing.

### Australians in London



Instead of roaming at large in the Australian bush these dingoes or wild dogs are obviously thriving on the regular food and comfortable quarters provided for them at the London Zoo.

### WE CAN STOP WAR

#### The Plain Way Before the British and American Peoples

Few men have done more for the promotion of peace and friendship in the world in the last 20 years than Sir Evelyn Wrench, who has given generously of his boundless energy to forge new links binding together America and the British Empire.

Nearly 20 years ago he started the English Speaking Union in the belief that if the English-speaking peoples act together they can play a fundamental part in controlling the world.

Sir Evelyn has now been reiterating his faith in the happy result that would come from unity of action by these two groups of nations which wireless has linked so powerfully together. He declares that if the English-speaking peoples wish to prevent war they can do it themselves.

Together they control three-quarters of the world's minerals and metals; and if

they refuse to supply metals to nations who go to war there can be no wars.

Copper, nickel, and lead are essential for modern armaments, and the United States produce more than half the copper in the world. The principal source of tin is Malaya, but Australia also has large supplies. Nickel, so essential in the making of steel and plating, is most abundant in Canada, from which even Germany must import it. In addition to minerals, the rubber and cotton plantations and most of the oil wells of the world are controlled by the English-speaking nations, and these materials are needed, too, for modern warfare.

There is little doubt that if we cannot prevent the outbreak of war we can, by refusing supplies, prevent its soul-destroying duration. We commend this line of thought to all who are concerned about the difficulties of Disarmament.

### A BOAT INTO THE UNKNOWN

#### GREAT ADVENTURE DOWN IN SOMERSET

The Journey the Great Drought  
Made Possible

#### CAVERNS OF WOOKEY HOLE

The drought has revealed two new caverns in the famous Wookey Hole Cave.

This cave in the Mendip Hills, near the glorious cathedral city of Wells, was once the home of prehistoric man.

Here were found needles of bone, ornamental combs made from antlers, bronze brooches, iron billhooks and weapons, and some decorated pottery.

In the cave with its narrow passages they were safe from their foes, laying them down to rest on beds of moss. They hunted wild animals over the edge of the cliff so that they fell to the foot, close to the mouth of the cave, where they were cut up for food.

#### Mysterious Noises

The River Axe flows through Wookey, and its mysterious noises made people afraid of the place. Indeed, Clement of Alexandria, a Father of the Primitive Christian Church, refers to them as a miraculous clashing of cymbals.

A woman who probably sold quack remedies and love philtres once lived here with her goats, and an old ballad says a monk of Glastonbury turned her to stone.

Those who like to believe such nonsense will point to the very stone, but this is really a magnificent stalagmite.

Until this year no one had been known to enter the two new caverns revealed by the drought. As the River Axe was brought to the lowest level ever known, three men in a boat were able to row through a gap in the stalactite formation.

They explored two great chambers, one so lofty that even with electric lamps the roof could not be seen. But on the wall were the initials of two people and the date 1611.

#### The Source of the Axe

Through an opening into this vast cavern flowed the river with such violence that the boat was tossed furiously about, and this, we are told, is the source of the Axe.

It is good to think that Mr Herbert Balch, who has spent 50 years in exploring the cave and has written such an excellent book on it, should have been in the little boat when it made its journey into the unknown.

Perhaps not again in our lifetime will men be able to enter the fourth and fifth caverns of Wookey Hole.

Fortune was kind to send the chance in Mr Balch's way. He has visited the chambers in which the clashing of cymbals have resounded for thousands of years, noises caused by the expulsion of air as the water rises and falls.



## MILK FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN

### The Great Chance For a Great Nation

#### WHY NOT SEIZE IT?

Our milk marketing authorities, now a sort of public Board, are confronted with a problem, a too-familiar problem.

It is estimated that there will be a monthly surplus of 40 million gallons of milk which cannot be got rid of in liquid form because there is no demand for it.

Then, as to turning it into butter or cheese, we are directed to the low prices at which these things are imported from Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere—prices with which the British dairy farmer cannot compete. Therefore our own production must be made useless by the imports of productions from abroad.

#### A Bad Joke

But the truth about milk consumption is that people want much more milk but cannot afford it. Even while the Ministry of Health thinks 3400 calories of foodstuffs too much for a working-man the supplies of food are said to be greater than are demanded.

This sounds like a bad joke, and that is precisely what it is.

*The world's supplies, good and plentiful, are denied to the world's people by the clumsiness and stupidity of our present methods of distribution.*

It is not an easy thing to remould the world's commerce, but it is not difficult to suggest one very excellent method of increasing milk consumption.

We refer to the schools. As we have before pointed out, certain schools make a regular provision of milk for their scholars, and it has beneficial results. The addition of a pint of milk daily to a child's diet has a remarkable effect on its development.

#### How to Halve the Surplus

If we made arrangement for all elementary schoolchildren to receive a pint of milk daily it would mean the addition to demand of over 20 million gallons a month, disposing of half the surplus milk referred to.

The true wealth of our nation is its people. The future of our nation rests with the children of today. Are we sufficiently alive to the facts of the case? Do we realise that tens of thousands of children suffer from bad nutrition, and that hundreds of thousands are far below what should be the standard of their race?

## A QUARREL ABOUT MEMEL

### Germany and Lithuania

#### FREEDOM OF AN OLD PORT

Friction has arisen between Germany and Lithuania, one of the little States created after the war.

Most of Lithuania was formerly part of Russia, but about 1000 square miles, the district of Memel, once belonged to Germany and is peopled mainly by Germans.

Under the Treaty of Versailles Memel has been handed over to Lithuania on the understanding that both Lithuanian and German should be official languages and the port should be free to Poles and Germans as well as Lithuanians.

Now Germany is complaining that the Lithuanian Government has passed a law restricting the holding of official posts at Memel by foreigners, and has thus broken her Treaty Pledge.

This should be a matter for the League to settle, but Germany has retaliated by making economic reprisals.

By its Constitution there is no recognition of race, class, or religion in Lithuania; it is, on paper at any rate, one of the most democratic countries in the whole of Europe.

## 40 CASUALTIES AN HOUR

### The War Peril of Peace WORSE TO COME

As was anticipated in the C.N., the road deaths last year broke all the bad records of former years.

The number killed was 7125, nearly 20 a day. The number injured was 216,401, nearly 600 a day.

Trade is improving and incomes are rising; more vehicles will be used this year and for longer periods. Unless the Government acts, the death-roll of 1934 will be worse still.

We have given the average daily figures, but it should be pointed out that the working day, during which nearly all traffic takes place, consists of only 15 hours.

*It follows that each traffic hour witnesses the death or injury of over 40 people on our roads.*

The effect of speed is incidentally shown in the Home Office return.

In the London City Police District in 1933 there was a decrease of casualties, the killed being 16 and the injured 711. This is explained by the fact that the City streets are so crowded that speed is impossible. So Cheapside is much safer than Finchley Road.

There should be at once a speed limit for towns and villages.

## THE SORT OF MAN TO BE He Would Whistle

Many people loved and admired Herman Erichsen; a vast number who had nothing to do with Harrow or Cambridge or the Bar never heard of him.

But now that he is gone he comes into our lives through a little tribute written by a friend, containing this thing said of him long ago:

*It is impossible to upset Herman. If you cut off all his limbs he would go on smoking his pipe; if you took that away he would whistle.*

That is the sort of man to be! Erichsen was tested early. In his youth he promised to be a famous athlete, but he met with an accident, and all those hopes came to the ground. He was only a stripling, but he whistled; and so he went through life.

## ESCAPE OF A COATI A Surprise in a Street

A strange creature made its appearance as if from nowhere at Wolverhampton not long ago.

No one had seen anything like it before, and it behaved like a mad dog. It had to be shot. Then it was discovered to be a coati, which is a native of Central America, where it lives in the trees on the mountainside. It has a long nose and a striped tail, though the little animal found in Wolverhampton had lost all the fur from its tail.

The explanation of its surprising visit to this Staffordshire town is that it had escaped from a travelling menagerie.

## TEAK GOOD AND PLENTY

India House, the great building in Aldwych described in the C.N. the other day, is making a special exhibit of teak, of which India and Burma have abundant supplies.

Certainly it appears that enough use is not made of this wood, which combines so many extraordinary qualities.

Teak changes in size very little, and the small amount of expansion and contraction to which it is subject makes it very valuable for such purposes as wagon and carriage-building. It resists the attack of fungus and insect pests. Above all, it is durable even when unpainted and unprotected. It is said that in India teak has been found to survive in sound condition after being buried for over 2000 years.

## END OF FIVE MILLION LITTLE PIGS

### A Treasury Official on the Whole Trouble

Mr R. G. Hawtrey is both an Assistant Secretary to the Treasury and an acute critic of our money system.

In a most amusing speech to the American Chamber of Commerce he scouted the idea that the trade depression is a crisis of over-production.

Mr Hawtrey believes rather that the trouble is due to a shrinkage of the flow of money. A fall in prices was vainly countered by restriction of output aimed at raising prices.

In America, for example, the inability to sell the number of pigs produced led to the restriction of pig output. "Five million little pigs encountered the big bad American Secretary of Agriculture, and that was the end of five million little pigs."

So with cotton and other products.

The fundamental trouble, says Mr Hawtrey, is the shortage of money.

## THE SPIRIT THAT DOES NOT FAIL

### An Examination Story

It is good to know that Cecil Eynon has passed the final examination of the Pharmaceutical Society. To few students can an examination ever have been such an ordeal.

When he was travelling from Wales to London he began to suffer severe pain. He said nothing, for fear of missing the examination. The pains remained while he stood for three hours in the examination laboratory carrying out practical tests. If other people noticed his tormented face they only thought, "That poor fellow is in a blue funk, thinking he is going to fail!"

Somehow or other he got home to South Wales; he does not remember how. Next morning his mother found him in bed, desperately ill. He was hurried to Barry Accident Hospital and operated on for appendicitis.

Only by the most wonderful self-command could a man in that state have concentrated on the examination, and the proof of it is that he passed. He has just received the news in hospital.

We wish this brave student a pleasant convalescence and a career worthy of its courageous beginning, leading him to some high place.

## A VILLAGE OF OUR OWN National Trust's Great Opportunity

The National Trust has received its first village, and we have no doubt it will care for it as faithfully as it has cared for the beauty spots and buildings entrusted to it for about forty years.

The fortunate village is West Wycombe, which was saved from spoliation by the Society of Arts in 1929.

With the quaint houses which have lined the village street for centuries this Buckinghamshire village is one of the most charming in that county of historical buildings, and it is a glorious opportunity for the nation to have a village of its own. Let us show what we can do with it.

## THESE WOMEN

What an example our women set us! Their courage in pain and danger is indomitable.

The other day a bandit attacked a London postmistress and threatened her with a revolver. She picked up a weight used for weighing parcels and threw it at the man's head. She missed him, but the weight crashed through the window and so scared him that he fled. This heroine's name is Mrs Margaret Crosier, and we send her our congratulations.

## THE C.N. TO ITS READERS

### TWO FREE TOYS

### A Peep at History and a Game of Geography

#### THE POCKET STEREOSCOPE

The C.N.'s gifts are always, we hope, acceptable, and we believe the Peeps at History Novelty given with this issue will be appreciated by all. Much care has been exercised in its preparation and it should prove equally popular in home and school.

Few gifts have created more interest than the Magic Spectacles and Lifelike Pictures issued by the C.N. a year ago, and letters from delighted readers told how much these stereoscopic pictures were appreciated, and many asked that more should be given.

The stereoscope offer given in detail on page 12 should be even more popular with our readers.

#### Three Dimensions

The stereoscope was invented nearly a century ago, even before there were photographs, and special drawings were made to be viewed in the instrument. But the present-day stereoscope is far removed from Wheatstone's apparatus, in which the two pictures were reflected by mirrors. The best stereoscopic viewers, of course, are as old as life itself. They are our eyes. They show us things as they are, with length, breadth, and thickness. When we look at an ordinary photograph or reproduction, however, we see only two dimensions, length and breadth.

The stereoscope enables us to see specially-arranged photographs as our eyes see the real things, and the instrument offered by the C.N. to its regular readers is of very high quality, having a pair of really excellent lenses. Normally the stereoscope is a cumbersome instrument, but this has the great advantage of folding flat so that it can easily be carried in the pocket when not in use.

#### Who Goes Where?

A special purchase enables the C.N. to offer this wonderful instrument to its readers, together with a set of pictures, at a price which certainly represents only a portion of its real value. The supply is limited, and readers who wish to take advantage of this offer should turn to page 12 and make use of the Order Form without delay.

There is another reason why you should place an order for your C.N. With every copy of next week's issue there will be given a new geographical game specially prepared for our readers. It is called Who Goes Where? and it shows a most fascinating way to find our way about the world. The whole family can play, and everybody in C.N. homes will be playing Who Goes Where?

Go now to your newsagent with an order for the C.N.

## THINGS SAID

I am convinced that the Loch Ness monster is nothing less than a gigantic red herring. Mr Ronald Matthews

The race is not to the swift nor to the strong, but to the wise.

Dr W. Langdon Brown

I am the only person alive who dined with Ruskin on his 80th birthday.

Mr Howard Whitehouse

Never have I been tempted to wish that I was other than an Englishman.

Dean Inge

Freed from the paralysing hand of Whitehall, public housing would go forward with a bound. Mr Michael Pease

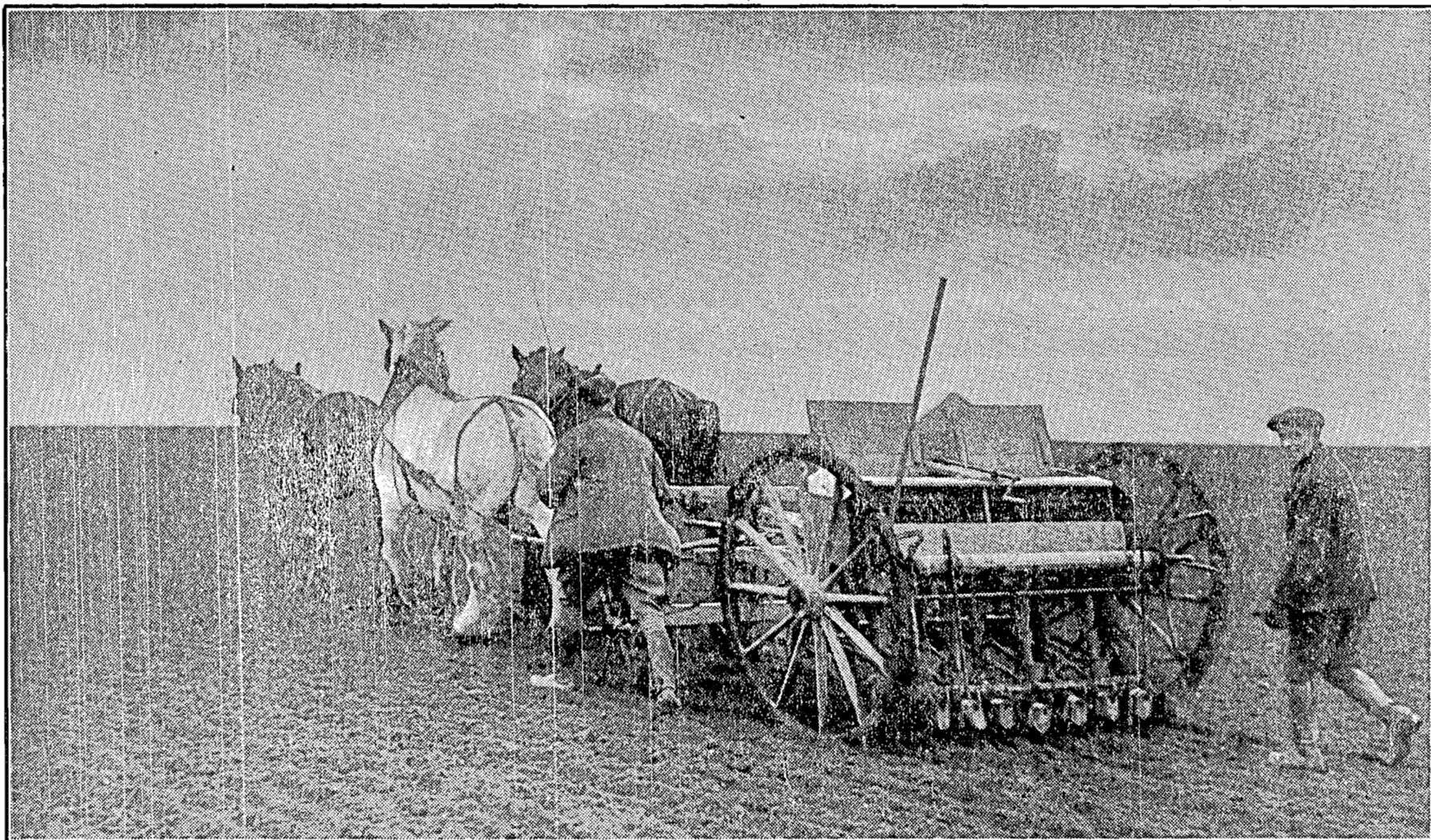


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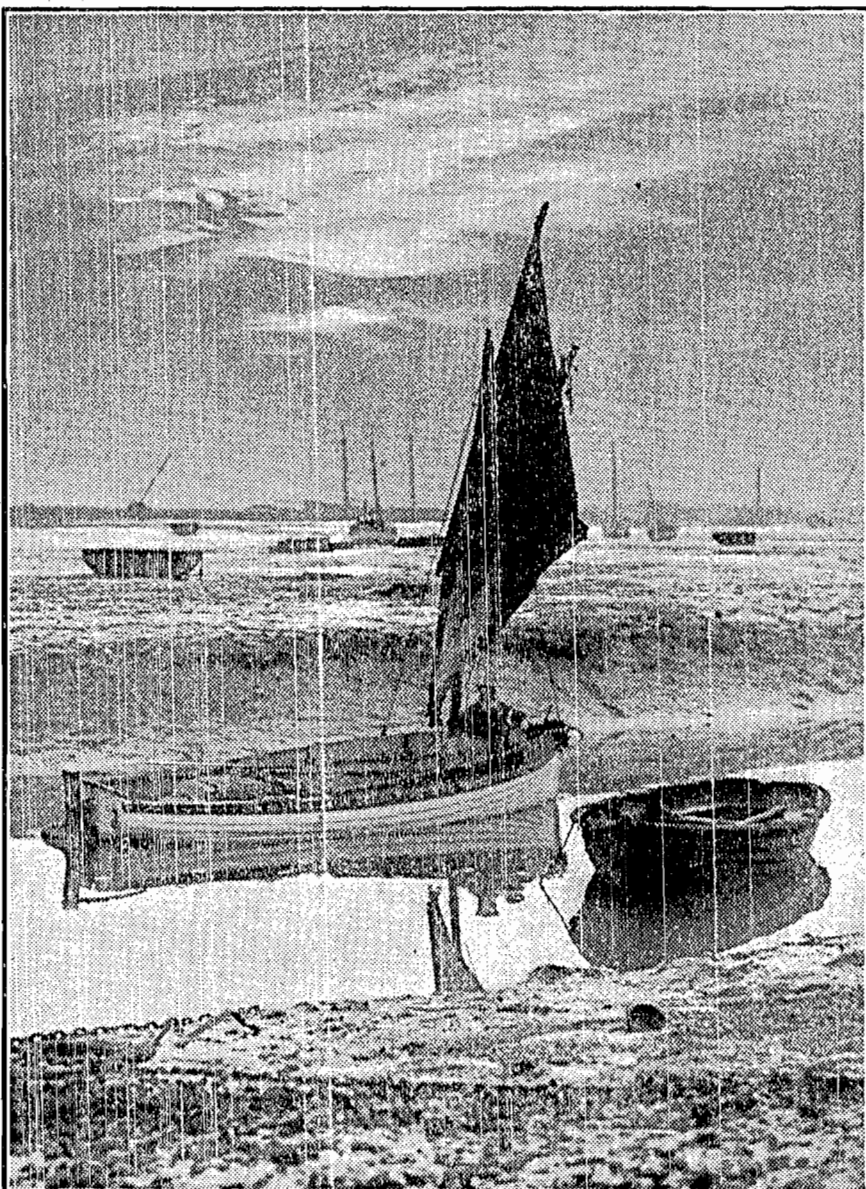
*The Children's Newspaper*

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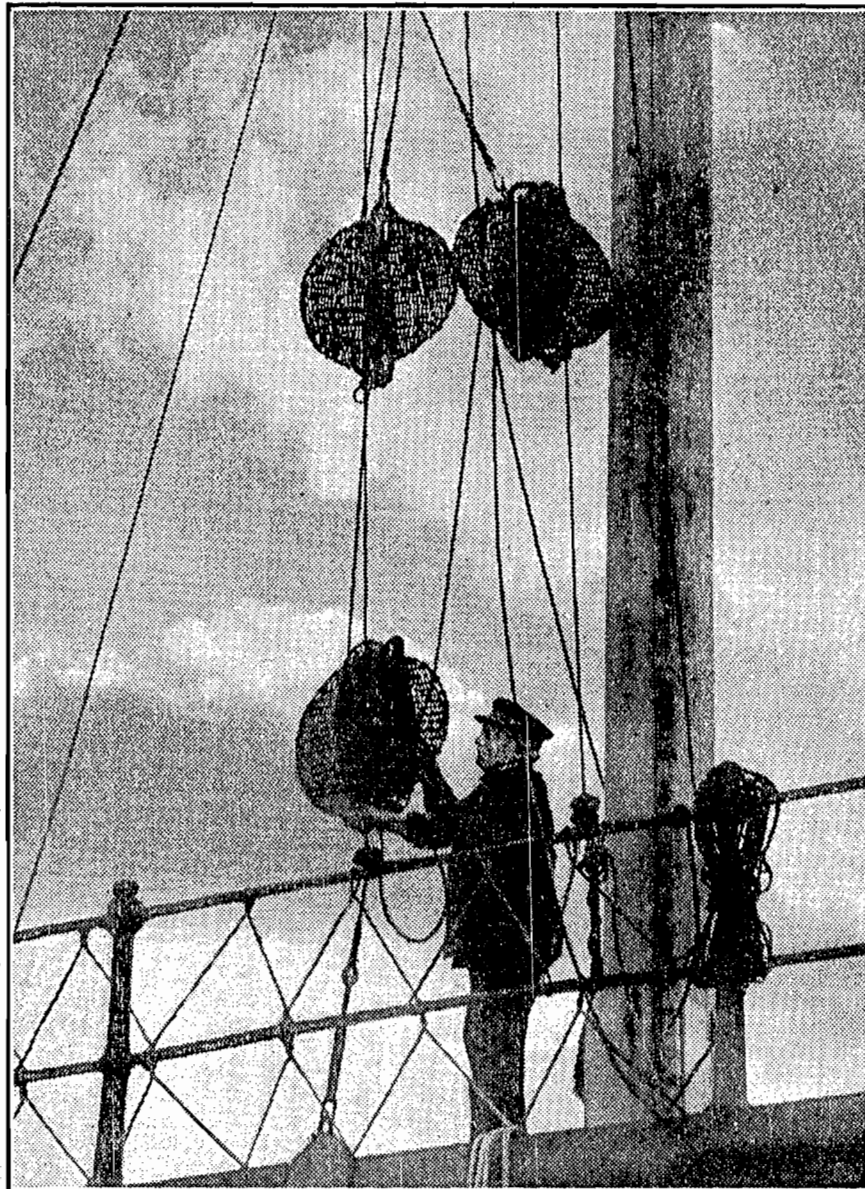
## THE SOWING MACHINE • LOW TIDE • TRAFFIC SIGNALS FOR SHIPPING



Sowing Time—At work with a sowing machine on one of the broad fields of East Kent. The picture was taken near Minster in the Isle of Thanet.



Low Tide—The creek at Leigh, the ancient fishing-village on the Thames near Southend.



A Rough Day—Hoisting the signals that regulate ships entering and leaving Dover Harbour.



## THE GREAT BIRD MYSTERY

### WHY DOES THE SWALLOW GO?

Does Instinct Guide or Does the Wind Compel?

#### DARWIN'S THEORY QUESTIONED

The study of the migration of birds is one of the most fascinating problems naturalists have been engaged on in the last hundred years.

There is a mystery about

*wild birds that change  
Their season in the night and wait  
their way*

*From cloud to cloud down the long wind*  
which has fascinated poets like Tennyson and thinkers like Darwin. Why does the cuckoo go while the robin stays? Why does the swallow fly south?

#### Captain Acworth's New Theory

Darwin believed that birds are free to fly where they like, evolving and changing their nature to suit their new environment. He held that migratory birds have some special instinct which directs their course to their summer or winter home. Experiments have been made by naturalists marking birds, observation posts have been established in different parts of the world, careful records have been kept and maps of migrations of species have been plotted.

And now Captain Acworth, lecturing in London, has come forward as a champion of the theory that it is not instinct at all which directs birds in their seasonal journeys. The winds of heaven alone, he says, are responsible for the direction taken by the birds. They fly down the wind, and when they meet what are called permanent winds they meet a barrier they cannot pass and are deflected. Birds, in this case, are not free to fly where they will, but drift on the winds, bird life ebbing and flowing in harmony with the great seasonal winds.

#### What It Does Not Explain

Swallows, for instance, are cut off from their northern home by the winds of winter, and if winter is mild and southerly winds prevail for a while they move northward, but have to return until the south-easterly winds of spring enable them to complete their journey to this country. It is physical law, and not instinct or intelligence, which directs the swallow, says Captain Acworth, so that Darwin and his followers are wrong in their theories of migration. There is no biological urge handed down from prehistoric times telling them to leave their homes at definite seasons.

The new theory is interesting, but it does not explain quite a lot of things. We have winter visitors from across the North Sea, those from Northern Europe arriving by south-westerly lines of flight to the northern parts of our island and those from Central Europe arriving in an almost due east-to-west direction. Our island is subject in autumn far more to the winds from the Atlantic than from Europe. Does the theory work here? Are not climate and food supply factors which urge birds to move from one place to another?

#### The Return To the Old Nests

All are agreed that birds spend an immense amount of energy and vitality in migration, and there are many who will doubt that birds are compelled to leave their homes without any intention on their part.

There is another point the wind theory does not explain. How is it that swallows and martins definitely return to their old nests? And will the owners of homing pigeons agree with the contrary wind theory?

Anyhow, the migration of birds is a subject of unique and constant interest, and every theory helps.

## 751 SQUARE MILES OF EUROPE

### Shall It Be a New Danger Spot?

#### THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

It is earnestly to be hoped that another danger spot will not be created in Europe by wrangling over the Saar Territory, now administered by the League.

Under the Treaty of Versailles the inhabitants of the Saar are soon to vote whether they will remain under the League, become German citizens, or become French citizens.

There seems to be no doubt that the great majority will vote for German citizenship, but the Treaty provides for district voting and for a possible division of the territory (which measures only 751 square miles and contains only 675,000 people) between France and Germany.

Such a division would deliberately make a new injustice, comparable to Upper Silesia, where, although the plebiscite gave 717,000 votes to Germany and 484,000 to Poland, a Commission awarded the richest part of the territory to Poland, including the very coalmines which the Poles are now using to supply coal to England, so throwing British miners out of work.

Upper Silesia, so divided, is a real danger to Europe; to make the Saar Basin another danger would be a gratuitous folly.

## POST OFFICE LAUGHS LAST

### What It Can Do When It Tries MONTHS AHEAD OF THE TIMES

The number of times the Post Office has been laughed at for delivering letters and cards posted 10 or 20 years ago seems to have put it on its mettle, and, thanks to a sharp-eyed reader of the C.N., its supreme effort has not been overlooked.

On January 3 this year it delivered a letter at Laleston in Glamorganshire which, according to the postmark, was sent from Neath on May 2, 1934.

*Here was a letter delivered four months before it was posted!* That is the sort of thing our Post Office can do when it tries.

No doubt it hoped that some paper would give publicity to its great feat, as we gladly do, for not only does it prove the amazing swiftness of this service, but it seems to throw light on the fascinating subject of the relativity of time. Past, Present, and Future certainly seem one as far as the Post Office is concerned.

And it seems to make the joke still better that the envelope contained an invitation to an Antiquarian Meeting.

## THE RED LIGHT DANGER

### Lord Mayor in a Great Confusion

The Lord Mayor of London, in hearing a motoring case the other day, drew attention to the confusion arising when traffic lights have to contend with coloured advertising signs.

Speaking of Friday Street in London he said that he himself examined it and was struck by the confusion. He saw a dirty red sign attached to a public-house, and red lights facing in every direction. One was advertising a permanent wave, another a brand of tea, one recommending somebody's stout, and there were other confusing red signs.

He added that illuminated signs should only be used for traffic signals, and not for trade advertisements.

The C.N. would like to add that it is time something was done to stop the ceaseless flickering of lights in busy thoroughfares, where they are extremely perplexing and confusing.

## JUNK FOR JONKER

### A Poor Man Finds a Big Diamond

#### SUDDEN FORTUNE FOR A DIGGER

The fourth biggest diamond in the world has just been discovered in South Africa, discovered, in the irony of things, when all the world is poor.

Mr Jacobus Jonker, the digger who found it, is a man of 62 with a wife and seven children. It was a thrilling moment on his little claim when the discovery was made. His son was supervising a Native washing a bucketful of gravel, and suddenly the Native stopped work, threw his hat into the air, and shouted: "I have found it." The son hurried to his father, who went down on his knees in thankfulness, for his fortunes were low.

Mr Jonker has been doubly lucky, for he found another large diamond ten days later. The bigger of the two weighs over six ounces, and the smaller over four.

The Cullinan Diamond was found hereabouts in 1905; it weighed 28 ounces and was cut up into a number of large stones, the largest of which is in our Royal Sceptre and the next largest in the King's crown itself.

The larger of Mr Jonker's stones, which is about the size of a hen's egg, has been bought by a diamond corporation for about £70,000, so the value of diamonds in the markets of the world has dropped. Mr Jonker, however, is quite pleased. *See World Map*

## HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

### A Phrase Which May Come True

Many are the devices being tried on land and sea to prevent accidents from fog, which has been so disastrous this winter to shipping and flying.

One that may prove very useful is a fog siren to be fixed to buoys at sea and worked automatically by human hair.

A strand of human hair is almost as strong as steel wire of the same thickness and has one feature which steel does not possess: it is very elastic. It is this property which enables it to work the fog siren.

It is suggested that buoys placed at dangerous parts of the coast should be fitted with a frame across which several human hairs are fixed. When a fog comes along the strands of hair will begin to stretch, automatically opening a valve which releases enough compressed air to work a siren. As long as the fog is thick the hoot of the siren will be heard; when it clears the hairs will contract and close the valve.

Hairbreadth escapes will become literally true if this device is found to work as well when fog stretches over the sea as it appears to do on paper.

## 22,000 POSTCARDS

### And Nine in Ten For the Better Way

In one week Mr Vernon Bartlett, whose talks on Foreign Affairs are among the best things the B.B.C. gives us, received 22,000 postcards in reply to a question he asked on the wireless.

Shall we, he asked, attempt to isolate ourselves from the world's troubles, or shall we cooperate with other countries in the cause of international peace?

World Peace, not isolation, shouted these postcards. Nine out of every ten were for cooperation, which left just one in ten to live alone under Lord Beaverbrook's banner.

The voice of the people, as President Roosevelt said the other day, is usually in advance of their Governments.

## MAN ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE

### Its Matter Found in Us All

#### A VERY STRIKING RESEMBLANCE

In the human body are the foundations of the stars.

So we may believe if we take the analysis of the materials of the body just made by Dr Sheldon of Wolverhampton as a starting point of the argument. By examining the products of the tissues with the aid of the spectroscopic he has found in them nearly every known mineral.

By a similar method of analysing the light of the stars the astronomers have found in them practically every element, mineral and metal, known on the Earth. The Earth is of the same stuff as the stars, and man of the same stuff as both. He differs from them only in the undetermined element of Mind, which enables him while his feet are planted on the Earth to lift his head till it is set among the stars.

#### Unexpected Finds

Among the metals Dr Sheldon found in unexpected places were lead in the eye, silver in the thyroid gland, and tin in the tongue, where, according to the poets, silver would be more appropriate.

The part played by these and other metals still remains for science to find, but silver seems to stimulate growth and to make the tonsils more active. Copper has a more evident part to play. It is an active agent in producing the haemoglobin of the blood, which carries oxygen to all the organs and tissues.

Rare elements like rubidium, unexpected ones like bromine or fluorine, commercial ones like manganese, are found among more common ones in the body, and seem as essential to it as vitamins. In one way of considering them they are vitamins, though how far and in what proportion, or what is the exact part they play in keeping us alive and active, science cannot say.

But the resemblance of the body of Man to the composition of the Universe is both strange and striking.

## A LIBRARY FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

### Have You an Odd Volume?

The collection of books for the unemployed goes on apace.

Over 100,000 volumes have already been received, and the hope of a small permanent library for every unemployed centre is bright.

C.N. readers who still have not weeded out their bookshelves are reminded that any book, from a 1639 edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (which someone has already sent) to the latest novel, will be welcome at the London Depot, 11 Hanway Place, W.1.

## THE WIND PAYS THE RATES

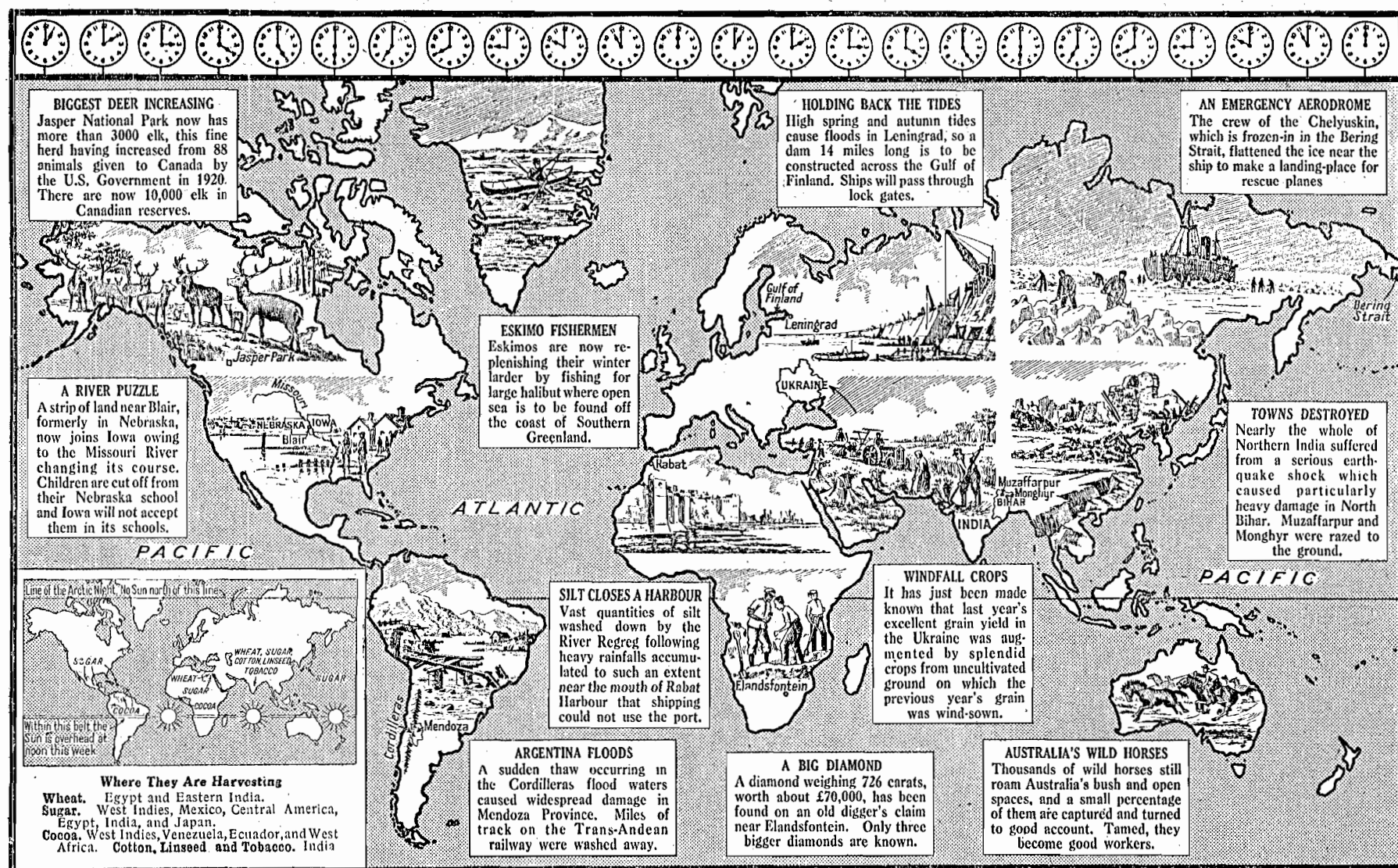
There are always a few beachcombers hanging about the shore when gales and high tides wash in all sorts of treasure.

But at Fleetwood in Lancashire the whole Corporation enters the beachcombing industry when high seas present the town with thousands of tons of gravel. The waves deposit it on the shore and the Corporation thankfully collects it and sells it to neighbouring builders.

It is reckoned that 20,000 tons were deposited in the stormy days of a week or so ago, and the profit during the past half-year was £3826. An ill wind certainly does Fleetwood a lot of good, whatever it may do elsewhere; it helps to pay the rates.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A TALE OF EGGS

### Mr De Valera in a Curious Fix TARIFF MADNESS ONCE MORE

The intense nationalism prevailing today leads to some curious results, which are anything but helpful to the nations practising it.

One of these self-centred enthusiasms has brought the Government of the Irish Free State into ridicule and hundreds of her poultry farmers into unmerited disgrace. Thousands of eggs which they had despatched to England have gone mouldy, and the Public Authorities have insisted on their destruction.

The explanation of this unusual happening is that the Free State Government has insisted that nothing but native timber should be used for the cases in which eggs are exported. It is essential that seasoned timber should be used for these cases, but the Irish Government has raised the tariff against the importation of seasoned timber, with the result that Irish timber was used before it was in a fit state. Timber must be dried by exposure to the air or artificial heat in order to remove the moisture in it and to minimise the danger from fungus. The moisture in the green wood of the egg-boxes affected their contents, to the loss of both Englishman and Irishman.

The serious part about this business is that when the tariff legislation was discussed in the Dail members who knew the facts pointed them out to the Government, but in its airy and inconsequent way it took no notice, and so has added one more burden to the backs of its hapless farmers.

### WELCOME THE NEW

Mrs A. R. Ingram, who is 84 years young, has written a book called *Towards Old Age*.

Her advice to people who are growing old is "to learn how to give a welcome to all that is new and strange."

## THE MAN AND THE RAT Letting Down His Friend

A white rabbit appeared in court when Alice dreamed of Wonderland, but real life can match that fantasy.

A white rat appeared at Lambeth Police Court the other day.

His master was found guilty of being an incorrigible rogue, but the rat will never believe it. "Speak as you find," Rat would retort; "I have always found him kind and trusty. I never went short of food while he had any."

The rat's master is going to prison for six months, but the rat will not suffer. The Lambeth magistrate has arranged that it shall be looked after and returned to him when he has served his sentence.

They will miss each other very much, and we hope the Man, who is only 27, will never let down the Rat again.

## THE EASTER EGSPRESS

A British train is carrying an unusual passenger, Spring. Its everyday coaches have been remodelled inside, and 'drabness' is no more. It is a garden full of Spring flowers.

The train will start from Fry's chocolate works, and will visit many towns in the South of England. It will be specially popular with children of all ages, for the garden is full of Easter eggs, and yellow chickens are to be found in nests of every size, hidden among daffodils and fresh green ferns.

## A CAR BY BARTER

The C.N. told the other day how two engineering firms were selling goods to each other by barter.

Here is another case, of a motor-car dealer in Indiana, who has accepted as deposit on a car a two-year-old heifer, 50 bushels of corn, ten geese, and five bushels of popcorn.

## To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations

## CHEAPER INSULIN

### Why Not Public Supplies?

The British makers of Insulin, that important injection used for the benefit of diabetic sufferers, have kept their word about its price.

When the import duty on foreign insulin was raised from 10 to 33 per cent the promise was made that the price of British insulin would not be raised. In fact, it has been lowered. The various makers announce reduced prices, the reduction being about twopence in two shillings.

Some say the price should be lower still, but of this we can hardly judge.

There is much to be said for those who urge that such vitally important drugs should not be made the subject of private profit at all. Why should not every sufferer from serious disease, however poor, have the opportunity to buy essential remedies at cost price? Why should hospitals, who get their funds from charity, be under tribute to commercial concerns?

## LETTUCES IN WINTER

Enterprise and cheap transport seem to be largely abolishing the effects of the different seasons in the supply of fruit and vegetables.

The lettuce supply has not altogether failed this winter, but not enough seems to have been grown in our own country. The Royal Horticultural Society urges that the West of England, especially Cornwall and Devon, has a climate suitable for producing the salads which form so important an article of diet. There is also the question of production under glass. The society has issued an excellent sixpenny pamphlet on the subject.

On an average, every person in this country pays over £14 a year in taxes.

Japan's foreign trade last year increased by about £100,000,000

## THE TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY

### An American Gift Toward Its Preservation

The experts have declared that the little Temple of the Wingless Victory on the Acropolis at Athens is in danger, and the Greek Government has taken steps to save it.

American archaeologists have given £400 toward its reconstruction.

This gem of the age of Pericles was built about 435 B.C. and stands in front of the magnificent portico of the Parthenon. Its beauty lies in four graceful columns in front and behind.

The temple was destroyed by the Turks in 1687, but a hundred years ago German archaeologists collected its stones and gave the world once again this little masterpiece of Ancient Greece.

## A NEW SAINT FOR THE CALENDAR

All the church bells of Rome rang out the other day in honour of a new saint.

Jeanne Thouret of Burgundy is now St Jeanne, and another French Sister of Charity has found her way into the Roman Calendar.

She was born in Burgundy in 1765 in a simple country home. A Sister of Charity, she had to take refuge in Switzerland during the French Revolution, but returned to France to continue her work before she went to Naples to establish an Order which has now 8000 members in various parts of the world.

The Pope presided at her Canonisation, and 200 bishops took part in the procession.

There are now over two million motor-vehicles licensed in this country, nearly 90,000 more than a year ago.

A National Park of 40 square miles has lately been presented to Southern Rhodesia.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 3 1934



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## England Less and Less

We may have half a million fewer children in our schools in three years.

ALL the vital forces of a nation are summed up in the growth or decline of its population. The eighteenth century began with the English population stagnant because of poverty, and ended with the population rapidly rising with its wealth.

The nineteenth century witnessed a continuous and great rise in our population, the rise diminishing, however, toward the end. The twentieth century has seen a comparatively small increase, the birthrate falling considerably before the war and rapidly in the last ten years.

The children of a nation constitute its future; all that it is to be is entrusted to them. It is a serious thing, therefore, when children fail, either in numbers or in quality. Just after the war children for a short time multiplied, but since then the fall in the number of new lives has been most remarkable. It is the most serious fact, for good or ill, before the nation.

Sir Percy Jackson, the well-known educational authority, points out that in 1937, only three years hence, the number of our schoolchildren will be half a million fewer than today.

Further, about 1947, the number of children of school age will be a million less than now!

Whatever may be in doubt about the proper size of our British population, we may at least be sure of this, that we do well to make sure of quality. It is true that we cannot command the output of geniuses or of great men. It is also true that we can make much more than we do of the splendid material of the average boy and girl. Each fall in the birthrate makes children more precious to the nation.

We consider the duty of the nation to its children to be paramount. We consider education as the enlargement and perfecting of all our many human faculties. Every normal human being can be deaf, agile, physically sound, and therefore bright and happy, the capable servant of the spirit. Of the mind it can be said with no less confidence that every normal person may be educated to be well informed, of cultivated faculty and taste, capable of adequate self-expression, with courage in action springing from knowledge of the absurdity of fear.

If we are to become a smaller nation in numbers, let us set our minds to the problem of education with a renewed determination. *The smaller nation must be a better nation.*

## Shirts

WE see that somebody has bequeathed to Sir Oswald Mosley, the Fascist leader in this country, a library of books on political and social reform. Our Fascists will now be able to understand that our people are not very much interested in the colour of their shirts.

## Shakespeare in the Tube

THE story has just been sent to us of a very busy doctor who read the whole of Shakespeare's works while travelling backward and forward daily in a London Tube.

He would become oblivious of his surroundings and lost in his reading, yet only once did he pass his station.

If concentration is a gift it is certainly one worth encouraging and developing, and it is a happy thought that, however much we fix our minds on a certain thing, the powers within us are watching at the door to guard our other actions.

## These Little Ones

ONE of our travelling correspondents who is interested in epitaphs has come upon some of quaint beauty concerning little children.

One of these little ones: *Received but yesterday the gift of breath, Ordered tomorrow to return to death.*

Of another one we read: *The little stranger began to sup the cup of life but, perceiving its bitterness, turned away his head and refused the draught.*

Another speaks of life as a box of jewels, opened for a child only to be shut again.

## Candlemas

February 2 is St Bride's Day, Candlemas, and this is its story.

WHEN Bride was a girl she became a serving-maid in the inn at Bethlehem. She would be there when Joseph and Mary arrived; she would see the shepherds and the Wise Men and the little donkey in the stable.

It is said that she helped Mary to nurse the Child, and that when Mary was able to walk to Jerusalem, carrying the Child with her, Bride walked before her with a candle in each hand. So it is that we associate St Bride with Candlemas, the day on which all candles were blessed in the days when churches were lit by candlelight. Though the wind was rough Bride always walked where it was so still that the candles did not go out.

Bride always wore a mantle of blue, and when she found a lost child crying for its home she would put her mantle round him, singing this lullaby:

*O, men from the fields  
Come softly within.  
Tread softly, softly  
O men coming in.*

## Always a But

THERE is always a but in this world. Corot painted pictures for 27 years without selling one. At last he found a purchaser for a canvas, and was congratulated by his friends.

"Yes," he said, "it is nice to sell something at last, but my own collection is spoiled."

This charming story appears in Mr E. V. Lucas's book *Saunterer's Rewards*. At first sight it looks like the saying of a man who was never satisfied and could always find something to grumble at, but of course it is the other way round. For 27 years the genius had been working away, without any encouragement from the world, and had found something to be thankful for, even in that!

## Tip-Cat

WOMAN has been tried and found wanting, says a writer. And getting what she wants.

POUND notes are apt to fade. We never keep one long enough to see.

A CRITIC considers all thrillers are much the same. Bound to be.

A MAN complained that somebody knocked him up in the middle of the night. Better than knocking him down.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the boy who struck another thought he was his match

good thing, says a whisky advertisement. But has the advertiser tried having too much whisky?

PEOPLE like to have money at the back of them. And some get behind with their rent.

COLD weather makes people look pinched. Especially if they are caught out.

Do a good turn when possible, says a speaker. If you have a bicycle go for a spin.

WHEN you see a crack in the ceiling it is a sign of danger. There is something up.

PUGILISTS are often nervous in company. Fight shy of it.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

IT is expected that the Dutch Navy will be reduced by half.

LESS time was wasted over strikes last year than for 40 years past.

SOMEONE unknown has sent the Treasury £300 as a gift to England.

## JUST AN IDEA

We are all endowed with the power to make good use of the forces of life.

## To One Who Sent Autumn Leaves

By Our Town Girl

To her, in illness, did they say,  
Dear leaves he sent her: We today

Are much as you. Beneath the sky  
We, too, have known the summer die,

Have bade farewell to stars and rains,  
Have felt the sap slow in our veins;  
But though so frail, it seems we knew

It was by God's own laws we grew;  
So who, in fading, lifts his heart,  
Of God's great plan becomes apart.

## The Cry of a Mother in Germany

JUDAS they called him, and they cast him out,  
Nor ever let him clasp their hands in play;

Yet Jesus was a child of Jewish birth,

He came to love us and to love the Earth:

Why do they persecute Him every day?

For thus said He: Cast out a child of mine,

You cast Me out, you do Me sore despite;

The Jewish playmate driven from your side,

It is the Christ-child, mocked at, crucified:

So, once again, you sin against the Light.

## Supposing

By Peter Puck

IF from Legend's viewless shore  
There returned to Earth once more

All the white-limbed Grecian brood,

Fauns and dryads of the wood,  
Earth would seem to them most strange:

They would marvel at the change.

WHERE sweet violets used to grow  
Burgeons now the bungalow,

Grove by garage is replaced.  
Where the nymphs their foot-steps traced

Through the dewy fields at morn,  
Now the motorist toots his horn.

Would they grieve, then, nymph and sprite?

Would they tremble in affright,  
Flee for ever from the Earth?

But how strange if sudden mirth  
Spilled their laughter, and in glee

They acclaimed modernity!

ORPHEUS would his lute disown  
For the strident saxophone,

Trees would in a tango sway  
To his raucous roundelay,

And the hills and brooklets brown  
Blithely foxtrot up and down.

Great Apollo would proclaim:  
"Golden chariots seem tame

In an age when trees are rare  
And petrol pumps grow every-where.

Gods it ill-befits to hike,  
I must get a motor-bike!"



## ALCOHOL IS BAD FOR CARS

### DRINKING AND THE ROAD PERIL

#### Casualty Lists Like Those of a Battlefield

#### EVERY DRIVER MUST BE FIT

The Tragedy of the Roads is rapidly becoming the gravest problem in the material lives of our people.

*The casualty lists of our streets are now on the scale of the casualty lists of the battlefield.*

*Since the war the number of our people killed and wounded by motor vehicles must far more than equal the killed and wounded in any battle in France.*

It is high time that whatever adds to the peril of our roads should be dealt with as a matter of national urgency.

#### A Subtle Influence

One aspect of this grave problem which has been commanding attention of late in The Times and other quarters is the danger of alcohol in driving. It is not to be denied that the influence of drink is very largely responsible for the state of things. Every motorist sees drivers do things every day which no sane and sober man would do, but it must be remembered that the influence of alcohol is much more subtle than that.

*No man would think of allowing a man obviously drunk to drive a car, but a man's faculties may be drunk long before he is visibly affected by drink at all.*

Alcohol slows down the action of just those vital powers whose high efficiency so often in these days means life or death to many people. What has happened now is that a visit to a man in a hospital, apparently crippled for life by a drunken motorist, has moved Lord Knutsford to write a letter to The Times. The shocking circumstances in this case are that the motorist had once before been fined for drunken driving, and Lord Knutsford asks what can be the use of a fine in such cases. Men convicted of this horrible offence should be debarred, he says, from using the roads when in charge of what is, in their hands, a dangerous machine.

#### Motorist and Engine-Driver

What an outcry there would be, Lord Knutsford writes, if the driver of a railway engine suspected of drinking habits was allowed on the footplate. He advocates imprisonment for a sufficient length of time to teach a drunken driver that he can quite well exist without taking alcohol.

Magistrates should have more regard for the safety of the public and should disqualify these dangerous men from holding a driver's licence for much longer periods than they do now.

Unfortunately the tests applied to drivers by the police and their doctors are often rough-and-ready, and a man must be decidedly incapable before conviction can be secured. This fact was in the mind of Dr Charles Marshall, who supported Lord Knutsford's protest in a letter pointing out that the most important action of alcohol on the average healthy man touches his power of attention, even small doses having the effect of diminishing this vital mental faculty.

#### The Borderline of Safety

While he admits that judgment is not influenced by alcohol, when it can be deliberated upon, the action of the drug, he points out, is very important in driving emergencies where fractions of a second are vital. At such a time alcohol in any dose is dangerous, the driver under its influence having passed the borderline of safety long before any

## ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT RIDDLES

An exhibition by the Economic League of low-priced Japanese goods, and other information, makes it clear that it is quite impossible for any European country to compete at Japanese figures.

The retail prices of Japanese productions are far below the actual British cost of production. No British manufacturer can produce men's socks for 3d a pair, the price at which Japanese socks have been retailed here.

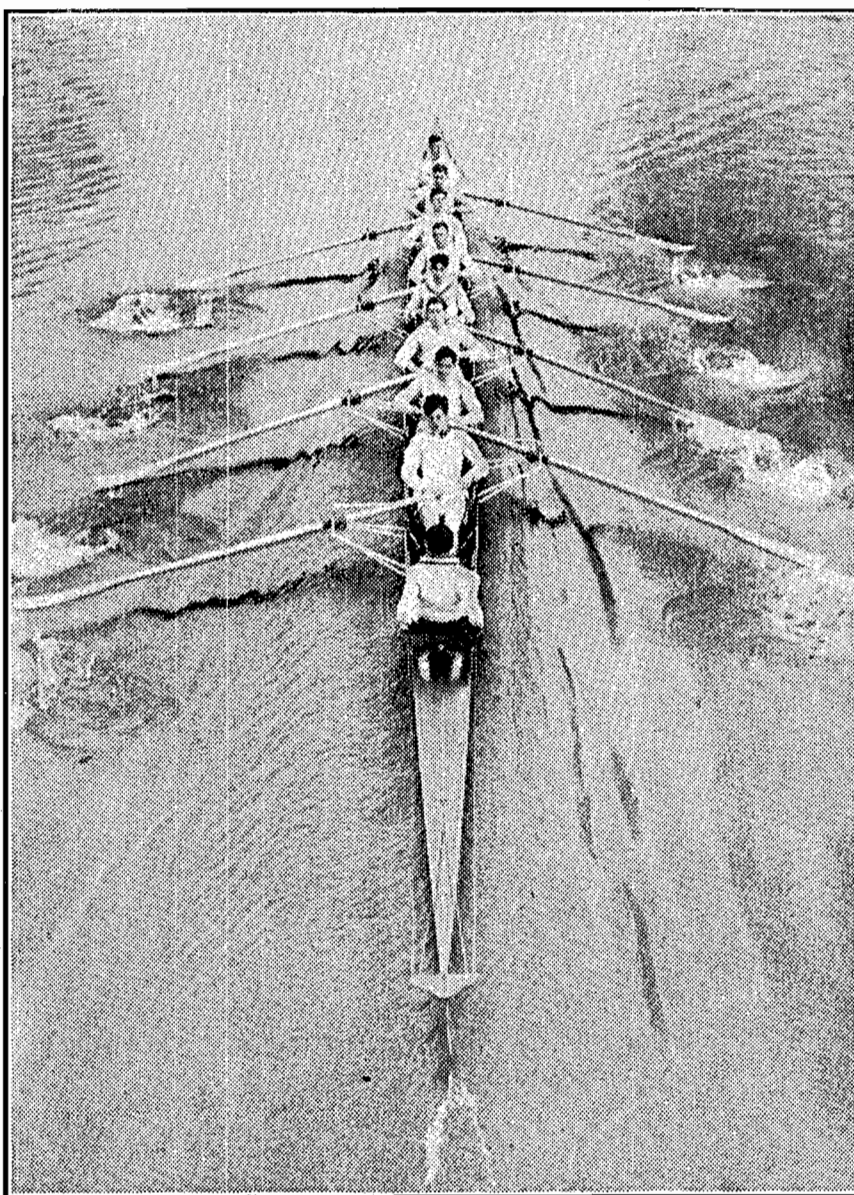
When a Japanese bicycle is sold at 20s Europe is equally out of the running. We are also told of electric lamps offered at a penny wholesale and of a fountain pen which may be had for fourpence.

Forty years ago Japan exported to

Europe her beautiful porcelain and other artistic productions of her handicraftsmen at prices that seemed impossibly low. Now it is the product of Japanese factories which pours into the world's markets. Far more than a half of the Japanese industrial output has to be sold abroad. Presently it will have to encounter higher tariffs and other restrictions, and there is likely to be severe economic disturbance.

These notes are not intended to blame Japan, but to record facts. We have to remember that a few generations ago Britain boasted of her power to supply many goods to foreigners at prices far below those of any competitor.

## THE LIGHT BLUES



A view from a bridge of the Cambridge crew practising for the Boat Race, which will be rowed on March 17.

Continued from the previous column

physician would be prepared to declare him incapable.

*Dr Marshall suggests that with each driving licence a short pamphlet should be issued explaining this danger.*

Admiral Sir George King-Hall puts the question in a sailor's telling way. His test for a sailor brought before him for being drunk was whether he was in such a state that his officer would feel safe in ordering him to go aloft. If he could not be trusted for that he was not fit for duty; and the same test should apply to a motorist, he says.

Colonel McAdam Eccles, one of our most eminent doctors, points out that even so small a fraction as one-tenth per cent of alcohol in the blood can produce symptoms showing that a man or a woman is under the influence of drink; and he advocates that a motorist accused of this crime should submit to a blood test. A single drop of blood taken from

him at the time of his arrest, and sealed in a small tube, can be tested with perfect accuracy, and all doubt on the matter would thus be scientifically established.

As we have frequently pointed out in the C.N. alcohol first affects the highest section of the brain, the part which determines facility and accuracy. A car driven at 30 miles an hour can be pulled up by an alert driver in 35 feet, that is to say, in three-quarters of a second. If alcohol delays the action of foot and hand even by a quarter of a second the extra few yards travelled may mean death.

It is difficult indeed to persuade moderate drinkers of the danger involved in drinking before driving, but all motorists appreciate scientific exactness, and it is reasonable that they should be asked to allow science to decide on the best means of safety in controlling the machine science has made.

## HITLER'S NEW CHAPTER

### MASTER AND MAN IN GERMANY

#### New Organisation To Replace the Trade Unions

#### NO STRIKES OR LOCK-OUTS

The Nazi party call themselves National Socialists, but up to the present there has been little in their policy of the Socialist element.

On May Day, however, a new law for the regulation of national labour is to come into force, and it is claimed that this law answers to the social side of the Nazi creed.

Its chief purpose is to abolish entirely those strikes and lock-outs which are such a handicap to trade in all industrial countries. Italy has succeeded in abolishing them, and this new measure in Germany will mean that a hundred million European workers will be living in conditions in which they have not the right (and, we sincerely hope, not the need) to strike, nor will the employers be able to close the gates of their factories against their workers.

#### Leader and Followers

Trade Unionism, of course, has been crushed in Germany, and the new law will prevent its return. Instead of members of a trade combining together for bargaining purposes with associations of employers, as was the practice in Republican Germany, each business will stand on its own, the employer being a Leader and his workpeople Followers.

The Leader will be responsible for the business management of the concern, and from the workers he will choose a Confidential Council to advise him about working conditions and how the concern should be run. But the head of the Nazi Cells Organisation in the factory is to be consulted by the Leader when he selects this Council every March.

#### Trustees of Labour

On its side the Government will appoint for districts (not industries) officials to be called Trustees of Labour whose task will be the maintenance of industrial peace. There will be a Court of Appeal. When a Leader wishes to dismiss a large number of men the Trustee will be able to postpone dismissals for four weeks or longer. When the question of wage rates arises he will have power to draw up general directions for fixing wages. The Leader or Follower who opposes his written directions will be liable to imprisonment. The Trustee may fix minimum standards of payment for his whole district, apparently without consulting the Leaders at all, but his chief task will be to see that Nazi ideals are upheld.

#### Courts of Social Honour

Associated with this new scheme is the institution of what are called Courts of Social Honour. Legal officials are to be appointed as chairmen of these Courts, and each chairman will sit with an employer and a member of a Confidential Council chosen from lists drawn up by Nazi workers. A Leader who exploits his workers and a Follower who unduly interferes with the running of the business, or betrays trade secrets, or makes frivolous complaints to the Trustees, may be brought before this Court. A worker who has been with his employer for a year can appeal against dismissal and may be awarded compensation not exceeding a third of a year's wages. An employer who offends may be reprimanded or fined up to the amount of £500.

This law applies to every enterprise which has over 20 employees, so that it will revolutionise the working of industry. It is a vast experiment, dependent entirely on the sense of justice in the leaders of Germany, for all these Trustees and Chairmen of Courts of Honour will be, in fact, small Dictators.



## WISE AND SIMPLE AND GREAT

### GLASGOW LOSES A NOBLE CITIZEN

The Wonderful Work Sir  
Donald Macalister Did

### A SPEECH IN SEVEN LANGUAGES

As learned a doctor as ever lived passed away with Sir Donald Macalister, who was beloved in Cambridge, revered in Glasgow, and honoured wherever medical men are gathered together.

He was a good Scotsman, and in all his eighty years, most of them spent in hard and successful work, he would have sought no prouder title. His accomplishments were many: a mathematician who had been Senior Wrangler, a linguist who knew fourteen languages, a lecturer who could drive any truth home in the clearest language, a fine physician, an expert in pharmacy.

### A Born Administrator

But he will best be remembered and most greatly honoured as one who could manage his fellow-men. He was the born administrator who handled a committee or the affairs of a university with equal ease and address.

A Liberal Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, divined in him this gift and urged him to take the post of Principal of Glasgow University. Macalister, who was handsomely settled in at Cambridge as tutor at St John's, lecturer, examiner, and consulting physician at Addenbrooke's Hospital, demurred. He knew Cambridge and did not know Glasgow. But Campbell-Bannerman, who knew and loved both, said that if Cambridge was bright Glasgow was warm.

### Heart, Mind, and Body

So Macalister, yielding to his fellow-Scot, went to Glasgow and was a great Principal and a historic organiser at a time when the University was entering on a new career of expansion. He guided it, formed it, moulded it, in the years when it needed a wise governing mind and directing hand. The 20th-century Glasgow University bears the impress of Macalister, and he gave his heart, mind, and body to it during years when his body was often racked with pain.

Another department of his administrative abilities was that of the General Medical Council of the kingdom. He directed its affairs as chairman with firmness and tolerance for a quarter of a century. The story is told of him that, rising from a bed of sickness at Glasgow to preside at the installation of a Lord Rector, he explained that he would never have dared to disobey his doctors unless he had armed himself with the permission of the Chairman of the General Medical Council.

### Love of Travel

Many memories of him remain to students who went to his early lectures and to men who encountered his agile and resourceful mind on committees and councils. He was great at every kind of public meeting. Once he replied to a toast in seven languages, including Japanese and Chinese; and said, on another occasion, that he wished he had leisure to travel so as to investigate Polynesian dialects on the spot.

He and his wife, whose maiden name was the same as his own, loved travel above all other things, and in their hardworking lives never had enough of it. But Sir Donald, administrator, organiser, consultant, not only of hospitals and colleges but of Governments, had his fill of every other activity. He might have most truly said, with the poet Landor, that he had warmed both hands before the fire of Life.

## THOSE WASTED SPACES

### Who Is To Develop Them?

### VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTER AND THE EMPTY CONTINENT

The rulers of Australia are at last beginning to open their eyes to the fact that they live in an empty continent, as the C.N. has long been reminding them, much to the exasperation of some of its critics.

For far too long it has adopted a dog-in-the-manger policy and has cold-shouldered the efforts of the Motherland toward making it a populous and prosperous country.

Sir Stanley Argyle, Prime Minister of Victoria, is one of those in Australia who sees the writing on the wall. He has declared that the time is approaching rapidly when the Commonwealth will be unable to keep foreigners from its vast empty spaces. They cannot populate Australia themselves as their birth-rate is unsatisfactory, the increase of population in Australia amounting to only 80,000 a year.

### Growing Japan

In contrast to this figure, the population of Japan is growing at the rate of a million a year, and Japan is seeking outlets for her dense population. Sir Stanley pointed to the peaceful invasion of Hawaii by the Japanese, and warned Australians that if we do not ourselves populate Australia other people will. It is obviously true.

In recent years it has been the cities of Australia which have increased in size, people seeking their living in them rather than in the countryside. The Victorian Premier suggests that British capital might be invested in developing Australia instead of being invested in foreign countries.

British capital certainly will be forthcoming if Australia wants it, but British capitalists must first be satisfied that Australia is pursuing a policy of development which it will be profitable to support. The truth is many men are idle in England who could well be employed in developing Australia if the Commonwealth would welcome them; but here again it is the Fear Disease which cripples enterprise and defies common sense. What the British Empire needs all round is courage and vision.

## INSIDE PAUL'S DOME

### Christopher Wren Helps With the Cleaning

London buildings are always having to have their faces washed, or needing it if they do not get it.

But places like St Paul's get almost as dirty inside as out, and now, for the first time anyone can remember, the inside of its great dome is being cleaned.

It will take six months to turn dingy blackness into gleaming white Portland Stone, but it will make a wonderful difference when it is done. Sir Christopher Wren helped to make the work easier by leaving holes in the structure through which ropes can be lowered to pull the workmen up to heights inaccessible from the scaffolding based on the Whispering Gallery.

Canon Alexander, the moving spirit in this cleaning and beautifying of St Paul's, is only afraid that the increased light may show up defects in Sir James Thornhill's frescoes of scenes from the life of Paul. If these are found to need restoration there is more trouble ahead before the cathedral is as we would all like to see it.

### A MAN WE LIKE

Dr Furtwängler, director of music in Nazi Germany, has refused to turn out a single Jewish member from his Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The leader of the violins is a young Jew of 23.

## LIFE IN THE GRAND CHACO

### Enough To Make a Little Dog Laugh

Once again war has broken out in the Grand Chaco, that vast territory which for years has set Bolivia and Paraguay fighting each other for its possession.

It is an immense stretch of country, almost unknown, a place of swamps, rivers, pampas, forests of palm trees, and deserts of salt, the whole swarming with snakes.

A traveller lately returned from this inhospitable country has been describing his experiences. He mentions the large thorny trees which the Red Indians call ochocho or selbo. With a knife they make a cut in the bark and two or three pints of a peculiar fluid flow out, which, thrown into a lake, brings the fish to the surface in a stupefied condition so that they can be easily caught. Should this juice splash into anyone's eyes as it spurts from the tree it will cause blindness.

### A Suitable Name

The traveller received the present of a dog called Buscudavida, which means something like Look-After-Yourself, a name very suitable for a Grand Chaco dog, which has to know how to look after itself if it wants to reach old age.

These dogs are extremely cunning, and one of their tricks particularly fascinated the returned traveller. He says he often saw dogs on the banks of the rivers yelping and wagging their tails at the edge of the water and then trotting quietly off to another spot on the river's edge to have a drink.

Buscudavida knew all about this trick, and it was explained to his new master that the dogs behave like this to deceive lurking alligators. When they think they have called sufficient attention to one place they slink off for a drink of water a little farther down, leaving the alligator which had rushed up for a meal saying to itself: "Strange, I could have sworn I heard a little dog barking just here!"

We have often heard of dogs grinning, but this is surely enough to make a little dog laugh.

## A PAGEANT OF THE NATIONS

### Something Fine For Sixpence

The world now has about 2000 million people, but they vary very much in appearance and habit and dress.

In the old days the people of one country had little interest in those of another, but in these days of wireless we are all as one.

A book which will help us to know something about the men and women and boys and girls of other lands is about to be issued in weekly parts at a price which will bring it within reach of everyone. It is called Peoples Of All Nations, and is edited by that old friend of the C.N., Sir John Hammerton.

It is one of the greatest works of its kind ever published. Not only are there descriptions of the people of small lands as well as big ones, by experts and travellers, but the book is illustrated with 3500 photographs and more than 120 plates in full colour.

The book is not only a library of information, but a pictorial pageant of races. Here in its pages we see pass before us a great procession with representatives of all the 2000 million people who now tread the Earth. We see their strange features, their picturesque dress, and their habits and ceremonies, and after reading the descriptions of their daily lives and practices we feel that we know as much about these people as if we had taken a ticket and travelled round the world to see them.

It is, indeed, like a pageant of the League of Nations brought into our homes. The work will be completed in about 60 weekly parts.

## FEEDING-TIME FOR BABY ANTELOPES

### FATHER EMU PROVES A BAD PARENT

### King Cobras End Their Fast and Make a Hearty Meal

### MARINE IGUANA HAPPY AGAIN

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The latest attraction at the Zoo is feeding-time for two baby antelopes.

In December a Zoo nilgai (Indian antelope) called Jennie died just after she had become the mother of twins, a son and daughter, and in the hope that they could be reared by hand on a feeding-bottle the poor little orphans were hastily removed to warm quarters in the Zoo's hospital. There they thrived, for they were given constant attendance by a keeper, and as they were twins they helped to console one another for their loss and kept one another warm.

### Fed in Public

When they were a month old these two Zoo babies were strong enough to be placed on view in the Gardens. But they were still too young to have solid food, so the Zoo arranged for them to take their milk from a feeding-bottle, and at 11 a.m. and at 3.15 every day they are fed in public. Both are tame and they will come close to the bars to feed, and even allow a visitor to hold the bottle. They are living at present in the Ostrich House, as the antelope sheds are considered to be too draughty.

The hen emu in the London Zoo is determined not to be beaten by her country cousins. A few days after the emu at Whipsnade started to lay she too began to think about chicks, and produced two beautiful green eggs. But unfortunately the mate of this Zoo emu does not seem to care about entering into rivalry with the Whipsnade birds. Instead of guarding the eggs until he was ready to sit on them he took no notice of them at all, and so, to give the bird a chance to change his mind, the keeper has taken possession of them till there are signs that he is turning broody.

### Hunger Strike Ended

The two king cobras, or hamadryads, which had been on hunger strike since their arrival at the Zoo from Malaya three months ago, are feeding at last. The larger of the two snakes suddenly broke his fast by taking a 5-foot black-and-gold snake, and about a week later he took an ordinary Indian cobra. His companion followed his example by swallowing a black-and-gold snake. The rare marine iguana, who had been faced with compulsory fasting, is also well. His supplies of edible seaweed are arriving at the Zoo once again, and he is now able to enjoy his daily ration.

## LORD HALIFAX 65 Years a President

An earnest Christian, who worked all his life for unity in religious belief and practice, has passed away at the great age of 94.

He was Lord Halifax, who became President of the English Church Union at 29. Has anyone been a President of anything for 65 years before, we wonder? It was only a few months ago that Lord Halifax resigned the Presidency of that body as a protest against its policy, and succeeded in amalgamating it with a new body called the Church Union, which forthwith elected him first President.

So gracious he was, and so sympathetic at all times, that his opponents in religious controversy had a deep respect and affection for him.

He is succeeded by Lord Irwin, one of the rarest figures in our public life, who won golden opinions as Viceroy of India and has the great advantage of being still in the prime of life and Minister for Education in the Cabinet.



# SPEED ON THE ICE · PUNCH AND JUDY · SALISBURY'S ANCIENT GLASS



Speed on the Ice—Snow was falling as these skaters sped across a Bavarian lake in the eliminating competitions to find the German skating team for the Olympic Games.



A Hockey School—Miss H. A. Pratt, captain of the Staffordshire ladies hockey team, has a class of about 20 girls who are learning the game. Three of them are seen in this picture.



The Side Show—Punch and Judy still have the most appreciative audience in the world, as we see by the expressions of these boys and girls at a fancy-dress ball in London.



Underground Oven—These Australian Scouts at a summer camp cooked their shoulder of mutton by burying it under a fire. No doubt it tasted better than the Sunday joint at home.



Salisbury's Old Glass—Here we see how Dr Stanley Baker is piecing together the fragments of stained glass removed from the windows of Salisbury Cathedral by an 18th-century bishop.



## LIKE A MIRACLE

### The Little Wonder Box Just in Time

#### REMARKABLE TRUE STORY

A wonderful story has just been told by Dr R. Robertson, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of the Isle of Wight County Council.

In 1916 he was in charge of some wounded soldiers in a convalescent home at Ventnor. One had developed tetanus after he was wounded in France, and had there been given an injection of anti-tetanus serum, but the action of the deadly germ had only been delayed by it.

Another injection was necessary to save the man's life, but at that time there was no anti-tetanus serum in the island. The treatment was barely proved in those days.

Serum was ordered from the mainland, but there was little hope that it would come in time.

#### A Torpedoed Ship

Just then something like a miracle happened.

A little wooden box was washed up by the sea, and the coastguards took it to the local chemist. It contained a phial of anti-tetanus serum!

Dr Robertson dashed to the sick man's side and injected liberal doses of the serum. The soldier recovered.

Like all these marvellous occurrences this one had an explanation. A hospital ship had been torpedoed in the Channel, and other medical stores were washed up later. None of these, however, brought such blessing as the little phial laid so safely, just in time, upon the shores of the island.

In olden times how easily such an incident would have been deemed proof that there were djinns or mermaids in the sea! Today we do not believe in sea fairies, but in a Power that works through the brains and hearts of men of goodwill like the discoverer of anti-toxin treatment.

## OUR £7,500,000 SHIP

### Comedy of Portsmouth

#### COST OF 10,000 FINE HOUSES

Everyone has heard, unfortunately, how the world's biggest battleship, the Nelson, which cost the nation £7,500,000, stuck in Portsmouth Harbour, was refloated, and was for some time afterwards weatherbound.

It was not very amusing for the British taxpayer, who was asked to admire the spectacle of bluejackets dancing up and down in rhythm to help to shake the Nelson free! No risk, we were assured, would be taken in getting her out of harbour.

So we first make a giant ship and then are very careful how we sail out of port! Excellent!

It is not so comforting to reflect that this single ship could be put out of action by one well-directed salvo. Why so many eggs in one basket?

We are landmen and must not presume to decide whether giant or pocket battleships are best for us or worse for the enemy when we have decided on who is our enemy.

We can, however, state very definitely that a good small house, with all the latest improvements, can be built for £750. We also know, by simple arithmetic, that no less than 10,000 such houses would cost £7,500,000, the price of H.M.S. Nelson.

Now 10,000 nice little houses can make 50,000 people comfortable, and 50,000 is far more than the population of Guildford, the market town of Surrey.

Which should we prefer, an up-to-date town of 10,000 houses, or a giant battleship which is liable to get stuck in Portsmouth Harbour?

## STOPPING HOUSES

### Why Does Whitehall Do It?

#### FLEETWOOD'S NEW EXPERIENCE

The Corporation of Fleetwood, having 358 applicants waiting for municipal houses, planned to erect 96 dwellings.

Under our astonishing laws on the subject, unparalleled in other countries, a Town Council may not build houses for its citizens without going cap in hand to the Ministry of Health.

Accordingly Fleetwood took its modest plans to Whitehall, only to be rebuffed! The Ministry of Health refused it permission to build on the ground that a private builder had already begun the erection of 102 houses.

As 96 plus 102 is 198, and as the Corporation has 358 applicants waiting, what are we to make of our Ministry of Health? How is health administered by denying a Town Council the power to build when it is obviously in full possession of local facts and is acquainted with the needs of health and decency?

We sometimes talk of English freedom without realising that an English town is not free to build a good cottage, although a speculative builder is free to build a bad one!

#### THE DUMB SHALL SING

*Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.* Isaiah

An astonishing and dramatic thing occurred the other day when a woman who had been deaf and dumb for 23 years spoke six words as she lay dying.

She was only 28, but she had been deaf and dumb since she was a small child, and the last words she spoke were probably the first words she ever did speak:

"My mother!" she exclaimed; "My mother! My mother!"

Three times the astonished relatives, who had never thought to hear her speak again, heard her repeat this call for her mother. It was the first time her husband, John Charlton, a pitman of Durham, had ever heard his wife's voice, and it was the last. When he married her two years ago the wedding service was held in the sign language of the deaf and dumb.

#### THE FORDONIA BOYS

A joy shared is a joy doubled. That is why the boys of Fordonia, the well-known boys club in Dockland, spent so much of their spare time last autumn collecting money so that they might share their Christmas party with very poor boys whose fathers were unemployed.

In Happiness Hall, which is another name for Fordonia, there are so many members that they are always treading on each other's toes. Doubled space would mean that the fine work of the club could be multiplied tenfold. Already some C.N. readers have generously sent subscriptions: who else will help to raise the £300 now needed to extend the hall by sending a mite to the Secretary, Leith Fordonian Hall, Butchers Road, Victoria Docks, London, E.16?

#### SEVCIK HAS TAUGHT HIS LAST PUPIL

The world's greatest teacher of the violin is what Otakar Sevcik has been called; but his work is over now, for he died the other day at Pisek in Southern Bohemia.

Only last year, at 81, he was in and out of a building next door to the C.N., the Guildhall School of Music, where he was giving a course in the art he is said to have revolutionised. Young Londoners are fortunate in having been among the last pupils of this famous Czecho-Slovakian professor.

## PADEREWSKI'S WIFE

### The End of a Lovely Story

#### THE LONELY MAN OF FAME

When M. Paderewski went on a concert tour in 1929 he was alone.

It was the first time his wife had not been there to share his nervousness before the performance, and to be the first to congratulate him as he stepped down from the platform.

She was too ill to go then, and now she has passed on, and our sympathy goes out to the great pianist in his loneliness.

Theirs was an ideal marriage of 34 years. No one understood or helped the great pianist more than his wife. She was ever ready with her encouragement and enthusiasm for his art, and when he was chosen by a war-freed Poland to be its first Prime Minister she had her own office next to his and overworked herself in schemes to help wounded soldiers and the relatives of the dead.

#### A Villa in Switzerland

It was mainly because of her health that they took a villa in Switzerland, between Geneva and Lausanne, which had been their home ever since his Premiership came to an end.

He was not so successful in the Premiership as at the piano, but who could be? Everybody knew that he did his best in the hard circumstances of a new country's first years, and everybody loved him.

His wife was always busy in the Swiss village of their adoption. Part of the grounds she turned into a poultry school for Polish girls, and Madame Paderewski's prize chickens were quite famous. On every concert tour she went with him till that last one in 1929. He was her life, and she was his love, and the beauty of it all is like a small glory added to the world.

#### DYING FOR HIS PATIENT

### The Brave Doctor of Rome

A well-known Italian surgeon has died for the sake of his patient.

He was Dr Gioacchino Triolo of Rome. The other day he was performing an urgent operation on a woman when he noticed in himself the symptoms that preceded a heart attack.

He could have avoided it by instantly applying certain treatment. He knew that the attack might be fatal; but he knew also that if he did not finish the operation the woman's life might be endangered.

Without hesitation he concluded the operation, and then dropped dead, falling at his post like the most heroic sons of Ancient Rome.

#### THE OLDER FOLK

By Dean Inge

Owing to the changes in the average age of the population it is becoming every year a nation of more or less elderly people.

Therefore more and more the social order will be determined by the opinions and the votes of those who are getting on in years. That is one reason why it is more important than in former times that men should try to remain young, to keep their memories green and their minds and consciences supple. Those who have so lived may look forward to a happy end.

#### MANCHESTER FOG

Manchester Corporation officials have been devising special methods to help transport in the fogs so prevalent in Cottonopolis.

The kerb edges of the chief thoroughfares have been whitened, and vehicles conveyed along them. The conveying is done by special vans throwing powerful beams on the whitened kerbs. Buses and other vehicles then play follow-my-leader. Thus precious transport time and much money are saved.

## WHY ARE SO MANY SHIPS LOST?

### Tragedy of Our Fishing Vessels

#### VALUABLE LIVES SACRIFICED

The Board of Trade has expressed its opinion that too many cases of the wrecking of fishing vessels are due to bad seamanship.

This sad verdict was given by the Board of Trade representative at an official inquiry at Grimsby into the stranding of a trawler.

It appears that last year the losses of our fishing fleet included five vessels from Hull, four from Grimsby, six from Aberdeen, and eight from other ports, causing the loss of no fewer than 64 lives.

The Board of Trade stated that it had received serious representations as to gross neglect in the navigation of fishing vessels.

We believe the same charge was made by Admiralty officers during the war. We hesitate to believe that the majority of the officers of our fishing fleet are grossly neglectful, but the lost lives are on record.

#### EINSTEIN AND HIS FIDDLE

### The Professor on the Concert Platform

News of Professor Einstein has often included news of his violin, and now we hear that they have appeared together in public for the first time.

We doubt whether Professor Einstein would ever have made his appearance on the concert platform were it not for the fact that he is ready to do anything to help his fellows in Germany. The £1320 this concert produced is to be put on one side for his scientific friends still in Berlin. The Nazis have confiscated his home, his savings, and his private papers, but they cannot stop him helping the oppressed.

The concert was held in the ballroom of a Fifth Avenue home in New York, and the hall was packed when Einstein and Toscha Seidel, with Miss Harriet Cohen as pianist, played Bach's Concerto for Two Violins. No one there had ever heard him play except his wife, and it is said that he looked vaguely surprised when the audience applauded at the end, as if he had completely forgotten there was anybody there.

### TURNING OUT THE PROFESSORS

#### One Result of German Persecution

The persecution of Jews by the German Nazis has had a curious sequel in German universities.

Jewish scholars of distinction filled many of the important posts at the seats of learning, and the casting-out of Jewish professors has caused vacancies which have been filled by inferior men, who may be good Nazis but are far below the scholastic attainments of their predecessors.

The dismissed German professors have gone into exile with the great Einstein, and some have found employment in great universities.

An exceedingly interesting thing is that Turkey has absorbed some of them. There are thirty Jewish professors at the new University of Constantinople.

#### UNSINKABLE SHIPS?

Once more we are told that a man has invented an unsinkable ship.

A Frenchman has constructed a small model, a ton and a half only, and at Cherbourg has shown that the vessel successfully rises to the surface after submersion. He also claims that his invention makes it impossible for a submarine to be lost.



## THE GREAT NEBULA OF ORION

### RADIANT SUNS OF THETA

Side-Stream of Suns in a Vast Ocean of Stellar Marvels

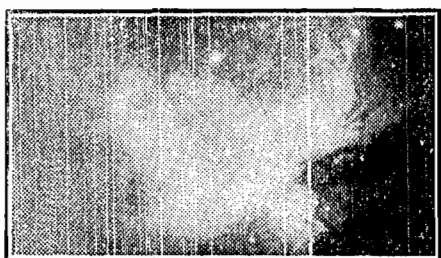
### HOTTEST TYPE OF STARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The dark nights of the next two weeks should provide good opportunities for glimpsing that portion of the Great Nebula of Orion which is perceptible to the unaided eye.

This, as described in the C.N. a fortnight ago, is chiefly in the area surrounding the star Theta; it also extends southward round Iota, appearing as a faint bluish light.

The radiance of this region as seen telescopically is superb. The accompanying small picture of its central regions gives some idea of this radiant



The centre of the Great Nebula of Orion

nebulosity, which extends for upward of a hundred light-years distance in several directions over the Orion area.

There has been much mystery as to the nature of the material composing this nebula and how such attenuated matter in the intense cold of space could possess heat enough to be radiant.

Finally, the problem was solved by spectroscopy, which showed that the filmy light was in the main reflected light; largely that of helium and hydrogen and identical with the light emitted from the incandescent surfaces of the numerous great suns of Orion.

The presence of large dark areas resembling celestial caverns in which there was neither star nor radiance, together with great opaque masses obviously silhouetted against luminous portions, confirmed the view that the region consisted of cosmic particles.

Large areas of these particles, where they are not obscured by denser masses, are lit up by the light radiated by the numerous helium-enveloped suns. These in turn are immersed in the streams and currents of this vast "ocean" of cosmic dust which reveal that the whole is rotating in a colossal swirl and taking, according to Professor Kapteyn, about 300,000 years to do so.

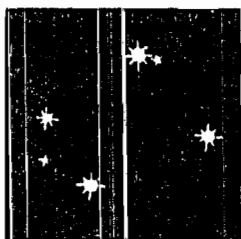
There is thus a resemblance to the Zodiacal Light that surrounds our Sun and is similarly produced, but on a much smaller scale and under far more advanced conditions of stellar evolution.

In this central and visible region of the Orion Nebula the suns chiefly responsible for the radiance are those of Theta. This star is composed of at least six suns, four being visible in small astronomical telescopes and constituting the famous Trapezium.

They form a magnificent group, possessing a surface temperature of at least 35,000 degrees Centigrade and belonging to the O, or hottest type of star known.

It was at one time thought that this wonderful Orion region might be the superheated centre of the Universe, but it is now known to be only a relatively small though remarkable side-stream of suns in a colossal ocean of stellar marvels.

G. F. M.



The six suns of Theta in the Orion Nebula

## WHY DO THINGS HAPPEN?

We have received hundreds of questions which children would like to have answered. They have come from schools in all parts of the country. Here is another group of answers.

### Why Have Some People Light Hair and Others Dark?

Some twelve or fifteen thousand years ago there developed from the most primitive savage men the modern types of man from whom we are all more or less directly descended. There were four main groups of these people, who were craftsmen and fine artists. They are distinguished, roughly, by the shapes of their heads (long or short), and the colour of their hair and skin (light or dark).

As anthropologists can recognise types of these very ancient peoples among modern men there is little doubt that when we see a dark or light-haired person today we see one who has inherited this characteristic from a prehistoric ancestor all these thousands of years back.

### How Did Petrol Get Under the Earth?

Petrol is not found in the earth as petrol. Petroleum, from which the big oil companies distil petrol, is, however, largely found and is known as rock oil, because it spouts up out of the ground when the rocks are drilled through.

Petroleum and other oils were made under the earth in the same sort of way as coal was. We all know that coal really consists of fossilised plants, trees, and other vegetation which flourished in the Carboniferous Period (perhaps 150 million years ago) when the world climate was moist and warm and encouraged the growth of vast forests. At about the same time were formed the deposits of oil. They are nearly always found in sandstones or stones sufficiently porous to hold oil, provided they are also surrounded by harder rocks to prevent the oil from leaking away. It is the pressure of these harder rocks on the oil lakes under them that makes the oil gush out in great fountains when the rocks are pierced. Most geologists believe that petroleum and other natural oils are formed from the fossilised remains of prehistoric fish and other sea animals containing fat.

### How Does a Magnet Attract Steel?

At the bottom the mystery of the magnet is the mystery of matter itself; and we have only theories about them both. Magnetism and electricity are so much alike as to be indistinguishable. We make electricity by means of the magnets in dynamos and on the other hand electricity, as a current in a coil of wire surrounding a piece of soft iron, will make that iron a magnet—but only while the current flows.

If you place a permanent magnet made of steel under a sheet of paper and sprinkle iron filings on the paper the filings arrange themselves in curves, which Faraday called lines of force because they showed up the lines along which the force of the magnet acted. Probably for some reason connected with the structure of their atoms only a few of the metals, like iron, steel, and nickel, can act as magnets, and it is suggested that they attract one another by means of tiny electric currents in their invisible molecules.

We know that a positively electrified substance will attract a negatively electrified substance and, similarly, opposite poles (N and S) of a magnet attract each other. Now if you put an N pole of one magnet near the S pole of another the lines of force (shown by our iron filings) from each magnet join up in semi-circles, showing that the magnets are attracting each other. When a piece of unmagnetised steel or iron comes within reach of these lines of force it, too, becomes a magnet and is attracted.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

January 31

### THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad;  
In the earthquake He has spoken;  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken!

How very pale,

Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

It is done!

In the circuit of the Sun,  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the Earth!

Ring and swing,

Bells of joy! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad!  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

John Greenleaf Whittier

### THE SILENCE ROOMS FOR THE CAR

#### Tracking Down Noises

When will this age of noise see the advent of the silent car?

Some of the more expensive makes are now almost silent, and manufacturers are ever on the alert to trace and eliminate running noises.

At the Daimler works two new silence rooms have been erected, and in these every 10 h.p. or 15 h.p. engine undergoes a vigorous test before it is placed in a new car.

The silence rooms have thick brick walls and sound-proof doors so that all factory noises are shut out. Each engine for test is fitted into a car, and although the car does not move the engine can be run under conditions similar to those experienced on the road.

Engineers listen with stethoscopes for noises, and they are able to trace the slightest unusual vibration or other faulty working of a component, and the matter is put right before the engine takes its place in a new car.

Only one car is now returned for adjustment after a road test for every 20 that came back before the silence rooms were used.

Canada is now the world's chief exporter of wheat, having sent abroad more than 228 million bushels in 1932.



**"Ovaltine"**  
**stands alone"**

*says the mother*  
*of this Bonny Girl*

BETTY RICHARDSON is a beautiful girl of splendid physique, full of vigour and the joy of life. To delicious "Ovaltine" is given the chief credit for her radiant health and vitality. Her mother writes:—

"My daughter Betty, aged 5, is a typical example of what 'Ovaltine' will do to build bonny children. In the months just before she was born, 'Ovaltine' was my regular daily beverage. As soon as Betty started to cut her teeth 'Ovaltine' Rusks became part of her diet, together with 'Ovaltine.' In my estimation 'Ovaltine' stands alone."

"Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It contains, in the correct proportions and in a concentrated form, every nutritive element essential for building up and maintaining perfect physical fitness and vitality.

It is important to remember that—unlike imitations—"Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain a large percentage of cocoa or chocolate, nor does it contain starch. Reject substitutes.

**OVALTINE**

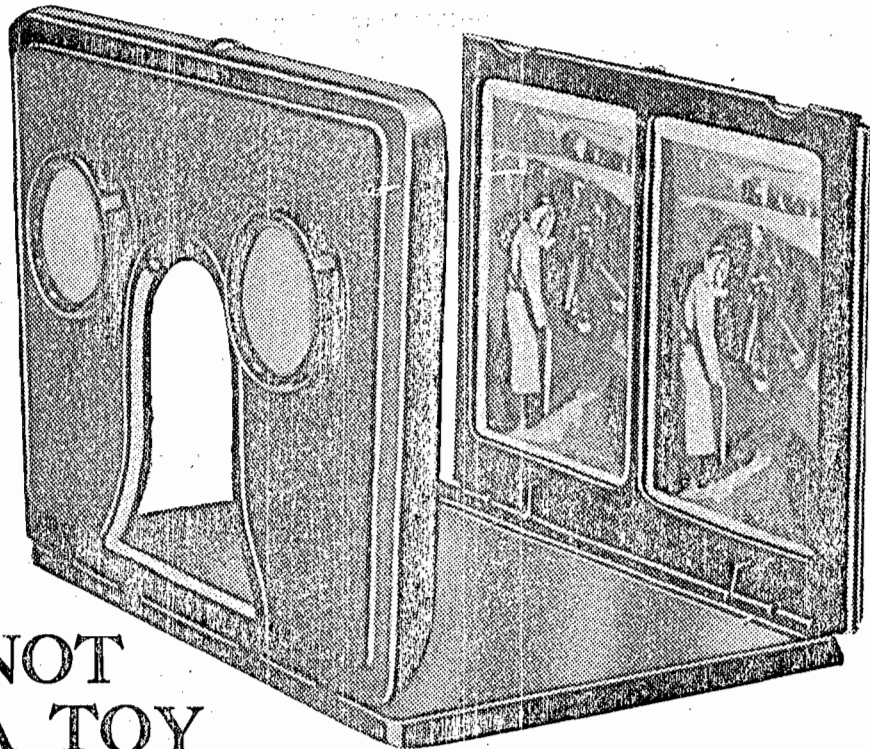
*Gives Energy and*  
*Robust Health*

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# The C.N. Makes this Wonderful Offer to YOU



**NOT  
A TOY**

*A Real Scientific Instrument  
well worth five shillings*

It makes pictures seem to live, to jump out of a background into solid reality. It is made in metal, is beautifully finished in black, folds into a convenient size, and, most important, has two wonderful lenses.

**A** STEREOSCOPE is described in the dictionary as an instrument combining two views of an object taken at slightly different angles into a single image with effect of solidity. It is really amazing. Held up to the light and correctly focussed, it is startling in its effect. What first appears to be an ordinary picture becomes something living and vital.

You see the lion and lioness safely in their cage at the Zoo; that yawning hippo who looks at you with widely distended jaws that show all those huge tusks of his; those funny penguins marching along with their big white waistcoats; there are pelicans at play, a creepy crocodile, and, last but not least, we have the quaint Sambur with her baby. All the subjects of the six pictures presented with the stereoscope are animals at the Zoo—and wonderful pictures they are too.

The Editor of the Children's Newspaper has made every arrangement whereby he can offer this wonderful scientific instrument to readers at a price that is far below its actual value, but the supply is limited, and it is only regular readers who can be permitted to take part in this exceptional offer.

Fill in the form above, undertaking to take the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper, and then send it to us, together with a Postal Order for 1s. Your stereoscope will be forwarded by return of post. There is no waiting, nothing to pay except 1s and nothing to do except to promise to take the Children's Newspaper for at least six weeks.

*Send in Your  
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NOW*

*We invite every Boy and Girl  
to secure one of these*

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I have given my newsagent an order for the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper. Please send me Folding Stereoscope and Cards in accordance with your special offer. I enclose P.O. value one shilling.

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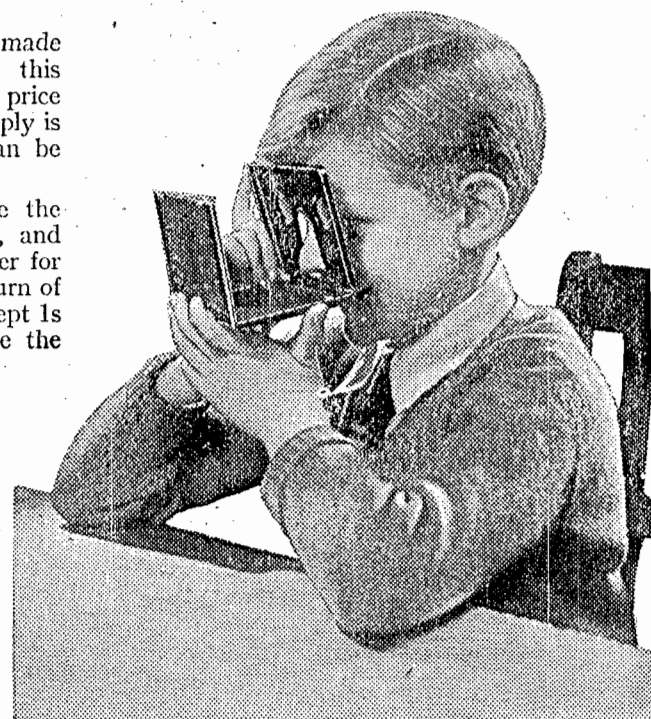
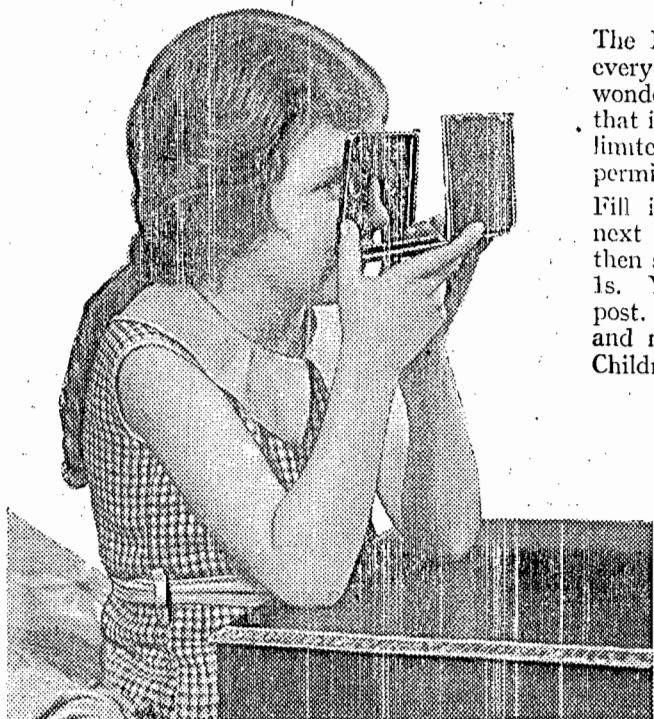
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any import duties imposed.*





# THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A New Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 1

## Burning Heather

NEIL FORSYTH stared. He rubbed his eyes with a hard brown hand and stared again.

"It is smoke," he said, in a tone in which horror and amazement were equally blended. Then he began to run.

A boy who has been brought up in a lonely lodge in the depths of the Highlands of Scotland may not be able to do a hundred yards in a level ten seconds, but on a rough hillside Neil Forsyth could leave any sprinter of twice his age panting behind him. Now the pace at which he raced through the deep heather was a record even for him.

You would have to be Scottish bred and born to realise the horror that filled him. This was Glen Tallach, one of the finest and best preserved moors in all Scotland, and it was hot, dry August weather. To see the heather afire at a time like this made Neil feel very much as you or I would feel if we saw our own house afire.

Besides, the danger was terrific. There had been no rain for a fortnight. The heather was like tinder. There was a breeze blowing. If the moor really got alight the damage would be frightful. The fire might spread for miles. It might destroy not only the moor and every living thing on its vast expanse, but spread to the great plantations of Scotch fir which lay on its flanks. It would certainly destroy the cottages on the west side and the keeper's house. It might even spread to the lodge itself.

As Neil came nearer he saw the culprit. A boy about his own age, who wore plus fours and a smart sports jacket. He was standing beside the clump of heather to which he had set fire, watching it with a queer, set expression.

Neil came at him like a whirlwind. He hit him in the chest with his fist; knocking him backwards into another clump. Then he tore off his own shabby coat and began pounding and beating out the blaze. Luckily the fire had not had time to spread to the next clump, but Neil was only just in time.

He had just finished his job by stamping out the last sparks with his heavy brogues when the other boy scrambled to his feet and came at him. His dark eyes were narrowed with rage and his fists clenched. He was taller than Neil and heavier, but Neil saw at a glance that he was not in good condition. He tried to hit Neil, but Neil dodged the flying fist, closed, caught the bigger boy round the waist, tripped him and laid him flat again. Then he knelt on him.

"Let me up. I'll kill you for this," screamed the dark-eyed boy, struggling desperately.

"You'd better keep quiet if you don't want to be hurt," remarked Neil, who was having some difficulty in holding his adversary. "I suppose you know you could be sent to prison for what you've done."

"Me sent to prison! You're crazy. Do you know who I am?"

"You may be the King of Siam, but you can't go setting light to the heather on Glen Tallach."

"Idiot! I can do as I like with my own. This is my moor."

Suddenly Neil remembered he had heard that the heir to Glen Tallach had come back from somewhere abroad. So what this boy said might be true. He felt rather sick. This might cost him his job.

"Who are you, anyhow?" demanded his prisoner. "What right have you on this moor? I could put you in prison for trespassing."

"No, you couldn't," Neil answered curtly. "I'm engaged as beater."

The other boy's lips curled.

"A beggarly beater! And you've got the cheek to interfere with me! You're sacked."

"Why should Forsyth be sacked, Archie?" came a deep voice from behind the boys, and, looking up sharply, Neil saw a tall elderly man in brown tweeds standing by. He jumped up quickly and lifted his cap. Archie, too, got up. Archie looked rather the worse for wear, but he was still in a fine rage.

"He hit me," he answered harshly.

The tall man's keen grey eyes were on the charred patch of heather and on Neil's scorched coat.

"It looks to me, Archie, as if you richly deserved it. Is it possible you were fool enough to set light to the heather?"

"It's my heather," returned Archie.

"Not yet," replied the other. "I think you are forgetting your cousin Duncan."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"More than you think, perhaps, Archie," said the other dryly. "Now go back to the house."

Archie looked as if he would dearly like to disobey, but there was a cold ring of command in the voice of the tall man which subdued him. He turned and walked off with a swagger. The tall man waited a moment then spoke to Neil.

"Lucky you were on the spot, my lad," he remarked, with his eyes on the burned patch. "Did you hit him?"

"No more than I could help, sir."

"Pity you didn't give him a good hammering. He needs it badly."

Neil's eyes widened, but he did not speak. "You know who I am?" asked the other.

"I think you are Mr Chard."

"That's it. And Archie Grant's guardian, worse luck!"

Neil began to feel better. Perhaps, after all, he was not going to lose his job.

"I think I know your father," Mr Chard went on. "Are you Kenneth Forsyth's son?"

"Yes, sir. I'm Neil."

Mr Chard nodded. "What brought you here?" he asked.

"I'm engaged as beater, sir."

"Making a bit of pocket money, eh?"

"No, sir. My people will be glad of the money."

"Why—what's wrong? Your father owns Pittendigh."

"Not now, Mr Chard. He had to sell. It was that Macbain business."

"The Aluminium Syndicate! He was in that? Dear me! I'm sorry."

"It ruined him, sir. He has only £200 a year left, and there are four of us. I didn't want to lose my job."

"Of course not," Mr Chard stood gazing at Neil. He was noting the boy's strongly-built body, sturdy legs, square jaw, and high forehead. No one could have called Neil handsome, but there was something solid and dependable about him that appealed strongly to Mr Chard.

Neil began to feel a bit uncomfortable, but he stood his ground. At last Mr Chard spoke. "I've a better job for you than beating, Neil. That is, if you're man enough to take it."

Neil thrilled. A better job!

"Well?" asked the other sharply.

"I'm game, sir," said Neil quickly.

Mr Chard smiled. "You're game. I can see that. But it will take more than just pluck and fighting to carry this job through. Sit down," he said abruptly, "I'll tell you."

## CHAPTER 2

## Neil's New Job

"I told you I'm Archie Grant's guardian," said Mr Chard. "You know who Archie is?"

"I think he is nephew of Colonel Grant, who used to own this moor."

"Exactly. Colonel Grant's brother was an Indian Civil Servant. Archie was born there. His mother died, his father travelled all over the country and the boy was left with Indian servants. He was never sent home to school, but had a tutor who couldn't have been much good." He paused, frowning, then went on.

"Anyhow Archie has been utterly spoiled. He has no self-control and a vile temper. Do you know why he fired the heather just now? It was simply because I told him he couldn't shoot tomorrow. In any case he has no idea of handling a gun. As for letting a boy with a temper like that come into a great property such as Glen Tallach it's not to be thought of."

"He's got pluck, sir," ventured Neil.

Mr Chard nodded.

"You're right, Neil. That's the saving clause. He's honest too. Now here's the state of affairs. Archie's father died a year ago and left the boy to his brother Colonel Grant. The Colonel died only a month later. I was his best friend, and he asked me to be Archie's guardian. The Colonel did not leave Glen Tallach to Archie. He has another nephew, his half-sister's son, a boy called Duncan Mackay. Like Archie he, too, is an orphan. He was brought up in America." He paused, then went on.

"Here is my trouble. Colonel Grant gave me a free hand. If I don't approve of Archie Duncan is to have the property, but it is not to be divided."

"You couldn't divide Glen Tallach!" exclaimed Neil.

"You couldn't, of course," agreed the other. "As you see, Neil, Archie has the

Continued on the next page

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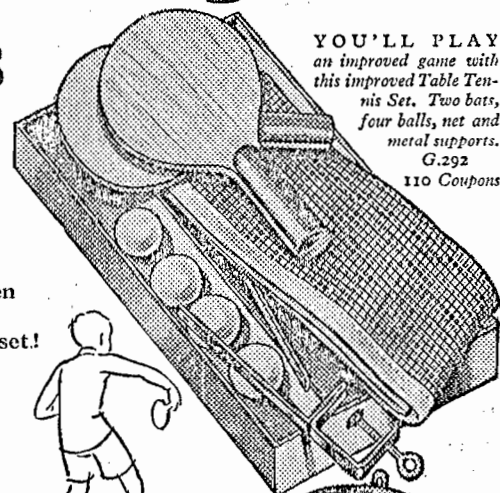
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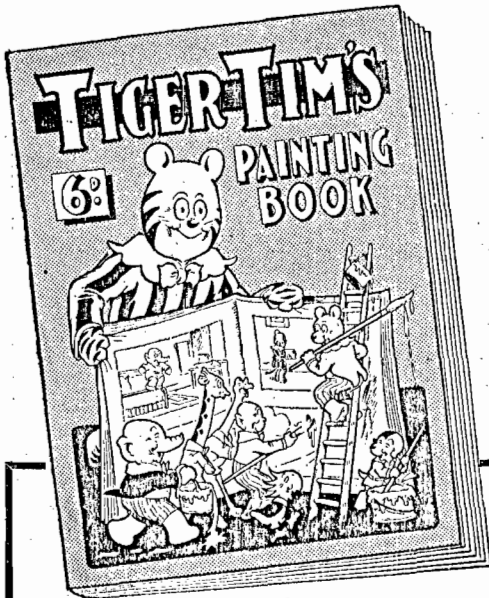
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better claim, and of the two I like him the better, in spite of his faults. But he's got to be broken in first." He looked at Neil. "Think you're man enough for the job, young Forsyth?"

Neil's lips parted, his eyes widened.

"Me!" he exclaimed.

"You, my lad. It's got to be someone of his own age. What about it? Will you take on the job? I shall, of course, pay all expenses and, whatever happens, you shall have fifty pounds. If you succeed I'll give you a place in my engineering works."

Neil drew a long breath. He felt as if he were dreaming.

"I'll try, sir," he said soberly; "but as to succeeding, I don't make any promises."

Mr Chard nodded approvingly.

"That's the way to talk. How do you propose to work it?"

"I'd have to take him away from here. I must have him all to myself."

"I see that. What about Garinich? It belongs to the Frasers, but is empty, and there isn't a town within twelve miles!"

"Just the place, sir."

"But how will you get him there? Mind you, he won't obey orders—not even mine."

"I think I can manage that, sir, if you'll let me stay here for a day or two."

"Stay as long as you like," said the other. "Archie's an unlicked cub, yet there's something likeable about him. If you can make a man of him, Neil, I'll be eternally grateful. Now come down to the house. I'll send someone over for your things."

When they reached the lodge they heard that Archie had gone fishing; so Neil was able to have a quiet lunch with Mr Chard and to get settled before his prospective pupil came back. Mr Chard sent a note over to Neil's father, and when the man came back Neil found he had been into the town and got him a complete new suit.

Archie came home just before tea and met Neil in the hall. He pulled up short and glared. "What the mischief are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Staying," Neil answered calmly.

"You're crazy. Get out."

"Don't be rude," said Neil. "And anyhow this isn't your house."

Archie gasped. "Not my house!"

"No; and never will be unless you behave yourself."

"You're crazy," cried Archie again.

Neil shrugged. "I wish you'd stop repeat-

ing yourself like a parrot. If I'm crazy so's your guardian. He asked me."

"Who are you?" burst out Archie.

"A chap that can lick you, and jolly well will, if you don't behave yourself."

This was enough for Archie. As Neil had known all along, he had plenty of pluck. He came for Neil like a bull. He hadn't a chance. Next minute he was flat on the floor, Neil sitting on him. All the same, Neil had been careful not to hurt him. This was all part of the game, for Neil knew the first thing he had to do was to prove to Archie that he had no chance in a scrap.

"Now will you be good?" asked Neil, with a grin.

Archie struggled desperately, but he knew nothing about rough-and-tumble. Neil simply held him.

"It's no use fighting unless you know how to fight, Grant," said Neil.

"I'll lick you one of these days," vowed Archie.

Neil laughed. "You'll have to do a bit of training first."

"I will too," said Archie between his set teeth. "I don't care if it takes me a year."

"Six weeks would do it if I had you in hand," Neil told him as he sprang to his feet.

Archie got up more slowly.

"You mean you'll train me to lick you?" he asked, in a wondering tone.

"I like a chap with pluck," said Neil simply. He looked Archie up and down.

"You've good shoulders and plenty of muscle if it was developed. At present you're soft as pudding and know less of fighting than a rabbit."

Archie scowled. No one had ever before talked to him like this and it made him furious. All the same, he was realising for the first time in his life that what Neil said was perfectly true.

"All right. I'll pay you to train me. How much do you want?"

Neil stiffened. "I'm not a professional. A gentleman doesn't take money to help another."

"Are you a gentleman?" asked Archie in wonder. "I thought you were a beater."

"My name's Neil Forsyth of Pittendirgh," said Neil mildly. "We've been at Pittendirgh for about four hundred years."

Archie looked abashed. "All right," he growled. "I didn't know. When will you start?"

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO GETS PAID OUT

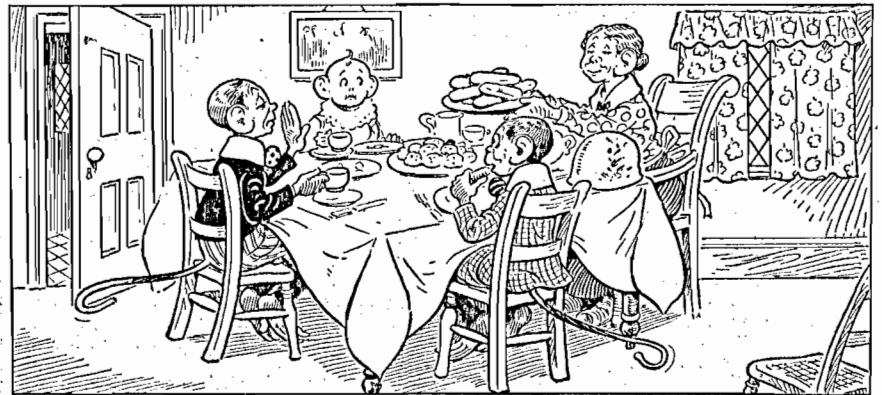
JACKO had a wonderful time at a birthday party he gave. For one thing he had managed to get hold of some imitation éclairs, which looked so real that no one could have told the difference between them and the actual things from a shop. He had piled them up on a plate and handed them round. One after another his guests had taken one and had bitten into it, only to find

Baby and whispered, "Don't be taken in. They're imitation."

Baby knew what he meant and nodded knowingly, and tea started.

When Jacko and Baby had both eaten plenty of bread and butter and some rock cakes, Chimp said, "Have an éclair, Jacko?"

"No, thank you," said Jacko; and "No, thank you," said Baby.



"I can't bear the sight of them," said Jacko

that it was made of rubber with some bitter imitation icing.

Everybody laughed like anything over this joke except Chimp. Chimp thought that as he was Jacko's best friend he ought to have been let into the secret.

"Don't be a silly chump," said Jacko. "You might be more of a sport."

A little while after this Chimp invited Jacko and Baby to tea. They played games, and at last tea-time came. It wasn't a grand tea, but there was plenty of bread and butter and some rock cakes and also—a piled-up plate of éclairs!

Jacko looked at them and gave a little snort to himself, and then he nudged

"Why, whatever's the matter?" cried Mrs Chimp, looking surprised. "Don't you like éclairs?"

"I can't bear the sight of them," said Jacko rather rudely.

"I can't either," said Baby; and they both took some more bread and butter.

"Well, all the more for us," chuckled Chimp, as he pulled the plate away and helped himself to an éclair, while Mrs Chimp did the same.

As she dug her teeth into it out squeezed the cream!

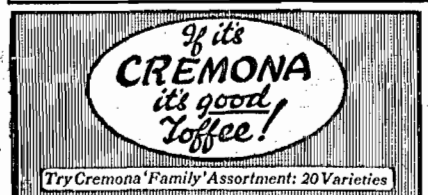
Jacko was wild. But it was too late now to say he liked them.

And that's how Chimp got his own back!



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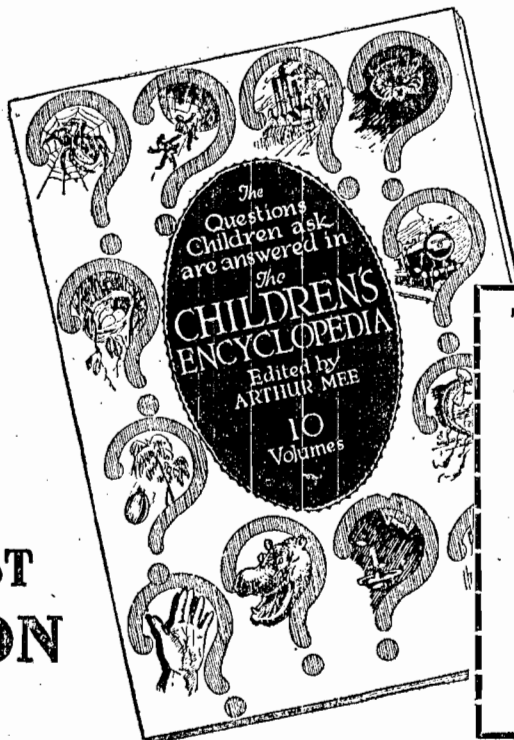
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## THE BRAN TUB

### Queer Arithmetic

CAN you find out how this sum is worked? Add all the figures from 1 to 9, and from the result take away 50, leaving one-third of the first result.

Answer next week

### Slavery and Wilberforce

POSTAGE STAMPS issued last year by the Sierra Leone Post Office commemorated the centenary of the abolition of slavery and the death of William Wilber-



force, who did so much to bring it about. The threepenny specimen shown has a picture of a native woman carrying a basket of fruit on her head.

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE pied wagtail is seen. House pigeons are beginning to lay their eggs. The golden-crested wren is beginning to sing. The tawny owl hoots. The small smooth newt appears in ponds. Among the plants now coming into flower are the butcher's broom, field speedwell, and primrose. The elder trees are opening their leaves.

### A Charade

MY first is everything you can devise,  
I'm rich and poor, I'm good and bad;  
My second is composed, for purpose wise,  
Of the mere refuse of the things you've had.  
My whole's the public rage; for scarce a house  
But anxiously expects my coming in;  
And though I'm mute and still as any mouse,  
I claim a share in the world's clashing din.

Answer next week

### Birds and Live Wires

IT does not often happen that a single small bird will suffer from using a live wire as a perching place.

When small birds are killed they are nearly always electrocuted in pairs. The little bird, when alone, is wholly on the electrified wire and there is no contact with an earth. Danger arises when the little birds are in pairs or larger numbers. One or other of the birds may stretch out a wing or whisk round a tail so that a companion on

another wire is touched. In this way the contact for the passage of the current is provided and both birds perish.

In the case of big birds like rooks, seagulls, and pigeons, even when alone an outstretched wing may touch a parallel earth wire, causing a short circuit with instant death to the bird.

### Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in battle but not in war,  
My second's in apple but not in core,  
My third is in rabbit but not in hare,  
My fourth is in railway but not in fare,  
My fifth is in looking but not in see,  
My sixth is in honey but not in bee,  
My seventh's in snowball but not in cold,  
My whole is a city much famed of old.

Answer next week

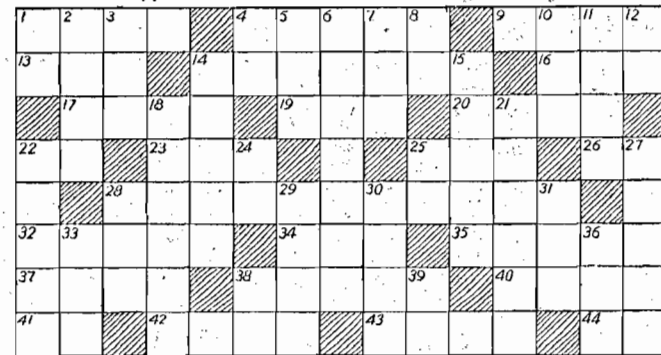
### Ici On Parle Français



Le rebord Le page La pipe  
eige page pipe  
Il se tenait au rebord de ce toit.  
Sa traîne est portée par un page.  
Je fumais tranquillement ma pipe.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.

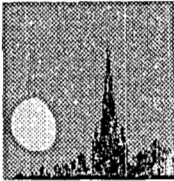


**Reading Across.** 1. Applied skill. 4. Tables. 9. Sound. 13. Garden implement. 14. Land measure. 16. Distress. 17. Infant. 19. To make mistakes. 20. To turn over. 22. Church of England.\* 23. Sphere. 25. White vestment worn by priests. 26. Printer's measure. 28. A body of owners. 32. A plank. 34. Conjunction. 35. Eaten at breakfast and drunk at dinner. 37. Floor-covering. 38. A possession. 40. A Mohammedan ruler. 41. Electric light.\* 42. To decrease in splendour. 43. Want. 44. Royal Engineers.\*

**Reading Down.** 1. Exclamation of surprise. 2. Garment. 3. Beverage. 4. French for the. 5. Solid water. 6. Stretches tightly. 7. Black, viscid liquid. 8. Southern Railway.\* 10. Possess. 11. Particle of dust. 12. Early English.\* 14. Cruel ruler of Judea. 15. Conspicuous success. 18. To get temporary use of something. 21. In foreign lands. 22. Undersea telegraph. 24. The Chief Scout.\* 25. Denotes contiguity. 27. Unit of length. 28. Shallow vessel. 29. Erase. 30. The first garden. 31. Fruit of tropical climbing plant. 33. Petroleum. 36. A title. 38. Indefinite article. 39. Note in tonic sol-fa scale.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Uranus is in the South-West and Mars is in the West. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at midnight on Sunday, February 4.



### Flying North and South

WHEN Admiral Byrd flew over the South Pole he dropped the Stars and Stripes on what he calculated to be the Pole. If he did pass over the exact southern extremity of the Earth there must have been a moment when the front of his machine was flying North and the tail South.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Good and Bad. 55

Do You Know Me? A hat

Tangled Fruits

Orange, apricot, pineapple, gooseberry, nectarine, grapefruit, black-currant, pomegranate.

Geographical

Acrostic

G e n e v a W i n d o w  
R a b a t m i r r o r  
E d i n b u r g H c a n d l e  
E r i e s t a t u e  
C a n t o n c o r n e t  
E u p h r a t e S c a s t o r

Diagonal

Acrostic

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Eiderdown

THEY had not met for some time.

"I hear you are running a duck farm," said Bill. "Business picking up?"

"No," replied Dick, "picking down."

### War in the Night

SOME Cockney soldiers serving at a lonely station in India were very much troubled by mosquitoes. One night a firefly appeared on the scene.

"It's no use trying to dodge these things," said Private Smith, "the wretches are looking for us with lanterns."

### No Hurry



I TAKE my time, said Mr Snail,  
From worry I have rest.  
I find that when I've hills to scale  
It's slow but sure that's best.

### Booked

THE collector for the Salvation Army band knocked at the door.

It was usual to give the man threepence, and for Doris, aged six, to hand it to him. This time Daddy had no change.

"What shall we do?" asked Mummy.

"Ask him to book it," seriously suggested Doris.

### Express

A STATIONMASTER from a small country town travelled one day with the usual little crowd on the 8.40.

"It was fifteen years ago today that we ran our first non-stop from Blankington," he said proudly.

A voice came from behind a morning paper.

"Has it reached London yet?" it asked.

### Twice as Small

RASTUS: Did you eber see a hen's egg as little as dat?

Sambo: Much smaller! Why, Ah've seen 'em as little as two of dose.

'What is the

4<sup>TH</sup>

CONDIMENT?



"It's quite time you knew that the 4th condiment is H.P. Sauce," said the Pepper, sharply. "H.P. is every bit as popular as mustard, salt and myself—and what a flavour it gives!"

"That," said the Spoon gratefully, "is a tip not to be sneezed at."

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AND LESS GOOD  
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AND SAY

**HōVIS**

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

### FIVE-MINUTE STORY

GRANNY came into the dining-room where the rest of the family were gathered round a glowing fire.

"I'm off to the pictures!" she announced. "Anyone care to come with me?"

Everyone looked up rather startled. Had Granny gone crazy? To talk of going to the pictures at all! And to suggest going out at this time, late, in the keen frost of a winter night!

"Why, Granny," said Mrs Holmes soothingly, "come in and sit with us if you're lonely; but I thought you preferred your own cosy room. Has your fire gone low? Let me go and see to it—"

But Granny stopped her with a wave of her hand.

"The fire's all right," she chuckled, "and my room's all right, and I'm all right. I just thought that you'd all enjoy a really good moving-picture. I know the children would," she added.

Paul thought, Yes, he would; but to Granny he said gently, suspecting that something was wrong, "It's very late, Granny—near our bedtime. And it's frightfully cold outside—"

"I never mentioned outside," answered Granny. "I just asked if anyone would care to come with me and see a most thrilling moving-pic-

ture." Then she added, suddenly and impatiently, "Come on, all of you!"

They followed her, wondering, to her sitting-room.

It was in darkness except for a red glow from the fire. The chairs had been arranged in a row. Granny's own flashlight guided the family to their seats in professional kinema-attendant style. She chattered too, and from somewhere produced a box of chocolates, which she handed round.

"A stirring drama this is going to be," she announced, as the chocolates passed from chair to chair.

"Now we're all comfortable," she continued, "we're

### GRANNY AT THE PICTURES

ready for the show to start. The most moving moving-picture that has ever been shown!"

Granny went to the window, and with one skilful sweep parted the curtains, so that the audience could see into the night outside.

A gasp of amazement came from all.

"I thought so," chuckled Granny, as they all exclaimed in frank admiration.

The road outside, the bare tree, the hedges, the dim houses opposite, the hurrying people—all in the light of the street lamp—were transformed. This was fairyland!

It was snowing.